

## Le's Smutty Oneshots

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26822560) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26822560>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Multi</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Zak Ahmed/Darryl Noveschosch</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/Dave   Technoblade</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/Floris   Fundy</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Other Additional Tags to Be Added</a> , <a href="#">Kinktober 2020</a> , <a href="#">Daddy Kink</a> , <a href="#">Praise Kink</a> , <a href="#">Degradation</a> , <a href="#">Teasing</a> , <a href="#">Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Begging</a> , <a href="#">Non-Verbal</a> , <a href="#">Bottom Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Top Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Top GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Bottom Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Aftercare</a> , <a href="#">Consent is sexy babes</a> , <a href="#">thigh riding</a> , <a href="#">Sign Language</a> , <a href="#">American Sign Language</a> , <a href="#">Spit As Lube</a> , <a href="#">spit isnt lube kids</a> , <a href="#">Cock Warming</a> , <a href="#">Semi-Public Sex</a> , <a href="#">Overstimulation</a> , <a href="#">Safewords</a> , <a href="#">Safeword Use</a> , <a href="#">baby rage</a> , <a href="#">Bondage</a> , <a href="#">first time bondage</a> , <a href="#">Silk - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Consent</a> , <a href="#">Explicit Consent</a> , <a href="#">Banter</a> , <a href="#">Trans Male Character</a> , <a href="#">implied trans character</a> , <a href="#">Scars</a> , <a href="#">Edgeplay</a> , <a href="#">Knifeplay</a> , <a href="#">Mild Blood</a> , <a href="#">Blood</a> , <a href="#">Hair-pulling</a> , <a href="#">Threats</a> , <a href="#">Threats of Violence</a> , <a href="#">Death Threats</a> , <a href="#">a/b/o dynamics</a> , <a href="#">Double Penetration</a> , <a href="#">Double Penetration in Two Holes</a> , <a href="#">Mating Cycles/In Heat</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-04 Updated: 2021-07-26 Chapters: 23/34 Words: 20467

## Le's Smutty Oneshots

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

Since it's taken much longer than one month for me to get these all done, I have renamed this fic. (Previously Kinktober 2020).

---OLD DESC---

What if I participated in Kinktober but instead of drawing I wrote and posted it on my smut account because it doesn't have any content?

--

Requests for ships: closed (thank you all so much for requesting!)

Everything to be explained in the first chapter :)

# The Basics

This year I will be participating in Kinktober. Of course, the prompts are the main focus of each day, but there are some other things that can be included.

## **What I Will Write:**

Consensual sex

F/M pairings

F/F pairings

M/M pairings

Polyamorous pairings (ie: M/F/M)

Mild/Within reason gore

Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics

Petplay

## **What I Will Not Write**

Rape/Non-con

Piss/Scat/Foot fetish (no offense to anyone with those, I just don't feel comfy writing them :))

Underage

Ageplay

If you're not sure what I will or won't write, just ask! I'm open to most things :)

**I reserve the right to change the above terms and conditions at any time for any reason. I reserve the right to refuse/ignore request(s) for any/all reasons. If at any time a creator/muse of one of the writings states they feel uncomfortable with the writing(s), the writing(s) will be taken down immediately.**

Now that we've gotten all of that out of the way, if you have a request, comment it down below! I'd love to write something that y'all would enjoy :)

Currently, the only planned chapter is the first chapter. I might plan out the second and third chapters, if I need to.

**Prompt List I Will Be Using:** [can be found here](#)

Key: [ ]= not finished [x]=finished [-]=in progress

**Day 1:** Daddy Kink (DreamNap)[x]

**Day 2:** Thigh Riding (DreamNotFound, [Topnotfound, Bottomwastaken])[x]

**Day 3:** Cock Warming (DreamNotFound, streaming)[x]

**Day 4:** Bondage (DreamNap [Topnap, Bottomwastaken])[x]

**Day 5:** Knifeplay(DreamNap)[x]

**Day 6:** Breeding Kink(DreamNapFound, A/B/O)[x]

**Day 7:** Shower/Bath Sex (GeorgeNap [Topnotfound ,Bottomnap])[x]

**Day 8:** Public Sex(DreamNap, Subnap)[x]

**Day 9:** Lingerie/Strip Tease(DreamNap,Subnap)[x]

**Day 10:** Phone Sex(DreamNap, Subnap)[x]

**Day 11:** ~~Quickie(SootWastaken, Top Soot)~~[x]

**Day 12:** Getting Caught (DreamNapFound)[x]

**Day 13:** Morning Sex(DreamNapFound)[x]

**Day 14:** Choking(DreamNoblade, Topnoblade + Bottomwastaken)[x]

**Day 15:** Oral Sex (DreamNotFound [Domwastaken])[-]

**Day 16:** Spanking (SapNotFound, TopNotFound + semi-sweet)[x]

**Day 17:** ~~Make Up Sex(SootWastaken, BottomSoot)~~[x]

**Day 18:** Car Sex (FunDream, Bottomwastaken)[x]

**Day 19:** ~~Against A Wall(SootWastaken, TopSoot + Bottomwastaken)~~[x]

**Day 20:** Hair Pulling(FunDream, Bottomwastaken)[x]

**Day 21:** Aftercare(DreamNapFound)[-]

**Day 22:** Mirror Sex(DreamNap, Subnap)[ ]

**Day 23:** Dirty Dreams (Dream, DreamNotFound)[ ]

**Day 24:** Naked Cuddles (DreamNap, little spoon Sapnap :)) [ ]

**Day 25:** Fingering (KarlNap, Subnap)[ ]

**Day 26:** Handjob(SapNotFound, homiesexual <3)[ ]

**Day 27:** Biting/Marking(DreamNapFound, Subnap)[ ]

**Day 28:** In The Kitchen(TechnoSoot)[ ]

**Day 29:** Begging (DreamNapFound, Subnap)[ ]

**Day 30:** First Time(Skephalo, BottomBoyHalo-TransBoyHalo)[ ]

**Day 31:** Dressed Up (FunDream, Bottomwastaken)[ ]

First chapter should be up soon! Every time I make a plan/post a chapter, this one will be updated :)

Thanks for reading and don't forget to request if you'd like ^^

(Please specify what characters do what if you do want certain characters in specific positions. Top doesn't equal dominant and bottom doesn't equal submissive. Ex: Top Sub George and Bottom Dom Eret<3)

# Day 1: Daddy Kink

## Chapter Summary

Daddy Dream haha

----

This doesn't really include the Daddy kink, I guess. I tried :P  
Zane if you're reading this, hi :)

Dream panted as he broke the passionate kiss, hovering over the other boy. His lips were plump and a bit swollen, covered in a thin layer of saliva and parted from the recently ceased kiss. He looked beautiful to the man hovering over him.

“Daddy, stop staring!” Sapnap whined, covering his face. Dream smiled and pulled Sapnap’s hands away from his face, kissing his cheek after they were removed.

“Sorry, I just love admiring my pretty baby.” Sapnap made a small sound at this, loving being talked to like Dream currently was talking to him. Sapnap gasped, his eyes snapping open, as he felt Dream’s cold hand brush his semi-hard member, causing it to rise to attention.

Sapnap tried to snap his hips up to chase the friction, but Dream pulled his hand away too quickly. Dream frowned at the desperate action. He gripped Sapnap’s thighs and pushed them down to the mattress, holding them down with plenty of force. Sapnap whimpered at the strength that was being pushed down on his thighs, but he would be lying if he said he didn’t like it.

“Daddy, please,” Sapnap breathed out, “I need you to touch me so bad, please!”

“Only good little boys get rewards. Do you understand?” Sapnap nodded, and Dream gripped the boy’s face in his hand. “I asked you a question, Puppy.”

“Y-hngh- Yes, I understand, D-Daddy,” Sapnap spoke, having difficulty because of the restrictions put on his face. Dream released his face and sat up on his knees in front of Sapnap. The younger got the hint and crawled up to him, almost purring at the feeling of Dream’s hands stroking his hair.

Sapnap pressed soft, gentle kisses to Dream’s shaft, moving on to kitten licks at the tip after a bit. It took all of Dream’s willpower to not let out a deafening moan. He gripped Sapnap’s hair as the younger took Dream into his mouth, biting his bottom lip.

“Sapnap!” Sapnap had flicked his eyes up to look at him. The lack of a gag reflex really paid off in moments like these, especially since Dream was so big. Sapnap swirled his tongue around the base of Dream’s cock, said man loved the lewd slurping noises that Sapnap was making.

Sapnap began bobbing his head at a rapid pace. If the noises Dream was making were anything to go by, he was loving it, which is why Sapnap was confused when he was pulled off of Dream.

“Daddy-”

“You did great, sweet boy,” Dream interrupted, “So great that I think you deserve a reward.”

Sapnap's eyes lit up and he smiled widely as he scrambled onto his hands and knees, lifting his bottom half in the air to present his hole to Dream.

Dream huffed good naturedly. He gave one of Sapnap's cheeks a small smack before pressing his fingers into his mouth. He pulled them out, spit coating them profusely. Dream shoved two fingers into Sapnap, starting at a medium pace and then bordering on ruthless. Sapnap was clenching a pillowcase between his teeth and bedsheets in his hands.

Dream was working on fitting three fingers into the bottom boy. He had his fingers fitted inside, thrusting at a fast pace, when Sapnap screamed. Dream smirked, aiming for that spot again and again, relishing the sounds of Sapnap's hoarse voice attempting to moan, straining it further.

Sapnap tried to thrust back onto Dream's fingers as he pulled the digits out, whining at the feeling of emptiness that was left in him. He nearly choked when he felt Dream's tip circling his hole, teasing him. Sapnap groaned in annoyance when Dream didn't push in.

"Did you think you would be getting your reward, no questions asked? Poor baby," Dream drawled, voice low and authoritative, "Now beg."

Sapnap squeaked, mentally slapping himself for thinking it would be this easy. "Daddy, please, I've been such a good boy! I've done everything you've told me to; I haven't even touched myself yet! Please, Daddy! I need this so bad! I'll be good for you, I promise! I need you inside me so bad Da-AH!"

Sapnap's plea was cut short as Dream thrust in abruptly, his pace unforgiving and cruel. The boy being penetrated shrieked at the sudden intrusion, his knuckles, that were hanging onto the sheets for dear life, were a ghostly white.

As Dream's thrusts started getting more desperate, it got harder for Sapnap to fight his fast-rising climax. The constant stimulation that was being forced against his prostate was the driving force. Then, like a dam that was holding back too much water, Sapnap sapsnapped.

"D-DADDY!" He screamed out, cumming onto the bed sheets he was situated above. To prevent Sapnap's body from collapsing onto the plush surface, Dream clutched Sapnap's hips in his hands as he desperately chased his own climax. With a few more deep thrusts into the ravenet, Dream came inside the boy. He thrusted shallowly a few more times, trying to ride out his high.

When Dream did decide to finally pull out, Sapnap fell to the side as if he were a ragdoll. His eyes closed and his breathing slowed compared to how fast he was respiring during the exercise. He would have fallen asleep if Dream hadn't thrown a tissue box on him.

"Clean up then you can lay down," Dream commanded. Sapnap groaned, rolling over onto his back and taking out a few tissues from the box.

"Do you always have to cum inside?"

"Do you always have to be a whiny little bitch?"

Sapnap gasped. "Fine! How about you see how hard it is to clean jizz out of your ass!"

Dream raised an eyebrow, chuckling a bit. "What're you implying?"

"You know exactly what I'm implying."

Dream rolled his eyes, flopping down next to Sapnap and pulling him close. "Maybe tomorrow.

Right now you need rest, you deserve it.” Sapnap grumbled a bit at how soft Dream was being. Dream knew he appreciated it, even if he would never admit it out loud. It was like the unspoken truths.

The only thing permanent is change. Life is underrated. One will always be judged. Dream loved Sapnap. Sapnap loved Dream.



## Day 2: Thigh Riding

### Chapter Summary

[Warnings/Kinks: Degradation, Non-Verbal]

George's attention was pulled from his phone by a small creak that came from his bedroom door. He looked up to see why his door was being pushed open, expecting to see Patches. A soft smile made its way onto his face when he saw Dream standing in the doorway. He was wearing his biggest hoodie, the one that went down past his knees, the one George had to help him cuff the sleeves of. His fingertips rested on the painted wood as he looked at George. Dream's pupils were dilated and his cheeks were dusted with a soft pink.

George huffed and swung his legs over the side of the bed, patting the empty space beside him. Dream trotted over to the spot, sitting down next to the British boy. He laid his head on George's shoulder, to which George stroked Dream's head.

"Does the little whore need some help getting himself off?" Dream whimpered; he loved when George talked to him like that, disguising the degradation with a sweet voice and making it sound like praise. He hid his face in the crook of George's neck timidly and nodded.

George snaked his hand under the hem of Dream's hoodie, being surprised when there were no undergarments restricting him from Dream. He scoffed, rubbing the tip of Dream's member.

"Such a fucking slut. You knew exactly what was going to happen, didn't you?" George hissed as Dream moaned. "You knew you were coming in here to get pleased, huh?" Dream frantically nodded, panting now that George was jerking him off properly.

"You wanna cum? Huh, slut? Use your words, precious." The fog around Dream's mind began to clear once he was ordered to give a response. He gripped onto George's sleeves, gritting his teeth as he tried to think of something to say. George stopped his motions, speaking before Dream could whine. "Is talking too hard right now?" Just the way he said it, so caring and genuine, let Dream figure out that this was a real question. George was out of his headspace and actually concerned.

Dream simply nodded. Although he wasn't very vocal in general, there were some times he couldn't bring himself to speak.

"Red, yellow, green." Dream thought for a moment at the prompt. He held up a fist with his thumb and pinky out, shaking it. *Yellow* he said. "What's your safe action?" Dream held out his hands in front of him, splaying them so they could be differentiated from normally putting hands up, palms to George. It was the action for stop. "Good job, I'm so proud of you," George praised, kissing Dream's forehead. "Wanna keep going?"

As soon as Dream nodded, George's hand was right back on his member. "So pathetic. You want me so bad you can't even talk." George's pace was unyielding, pace quickening by the second. "Do you want to cum?" Dream nodded desperately. "The only way you're going to get that is by getting off on my thigh." George let go of Dream's cock, to which Dream whimpered in an annoyed fashion. George patted his upper leg, drawing the blond's attention to it.

Dream straddled George's limb, hovering slightly over it so as to not let his length touch the fabric of George's jeans. George wrapped his arms around Dream's waist, helping him sit down so he was comfortable. Dream squeaked a bit when he felt the material against his skin. He gave a couple experimental thrusts, just to see how it felt. He was amazed that he enjoyed the feeling.

"C'mon, now. Something new has never stopped a needy whore like you, has it?" George teased, causing Dream to snap his hips forward. Instead of stopping like he did the first few times, he kept going, starting at a slow pace. As time went on, he planted his head on George's shoulder, hugging him while George kept his arms around Dream's lower back.

After a few more moments, Dream was humping George's leg like a dog, frantically chasing his climax. Every now and then, George would call him a name, causing him to try and go even faster.

Dream knocked on George hysterically, having his fist closed tight with his thumb in the front. *Yesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyes yes yes!* George could tell by how quickly Dream was coming undone that he was not far from cumming at all.

"You wanna cum so bad, don't you? You like when I talk to you like this? Fucking whore." As soon as the words had left George's mouth, Dream had arched his back in an odd angle and came onto the denim that was under him. George rubbed his back as Dream basked in the afterglow of his high.

"F.. Felt g-good," Dream breathed, body shivering.

"That's so good to hear, baby," George sighed, peppering soft kisses all over the other's face.

Dream smiled, loving the feeling of being loved. He played with the strings of his hoodie while George changed his pants from jeans to pajama bottoms. He tossed Dream a pair of boxers, the latter putting them on after cleaning up his lower half.

George hugged Dream down into the bed, admiring how sweet the whole situation felt. Before long, he heard Dream breathing softly. He kissed the younger's hand, whispering a few small praises before snuggling into the blond.

Is there anything better than after-sex-cuddles? Maybe, but right now they felt like the best thing in the world.

## Day 3: Cock Warming

### Chapter Summary

[Warnings/Kinks: Cock Warming, Semi-Public Sex(?), Mild Overstimulation, Slight Begging, Safeword Usage]

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream slammed his hands onto his desk. Parkour would have been fine if it wasn't for that one stupid jump.

"That's not even possible! How many blocks is that? That's like, six blocks! There's no way you can make that! Rigged!" He raged at his monitor, his chat flooded with people claiming baby-rage. Dream ruffled his hair as if it would cleanse him of his anger. "I'll be right back, guys. I'm gonna go get some water." With that, Dream slipped his headphones off and set them on his desk.

George was almost ready to slam his head into the wall. He was trying to put captions on one of his videos, but couldn't figure out what his voice was saying. The amount of times he had gone back to try and make out the words was too many to count on six hands. He sighed and saved his progress. As Sun Tzu once said, "*If you do it when you don't want to, your subscribers will feel the energy. Subscribe to Technob*" or something like that.

---

George had barely been browsing on Netflix for a minute or two when Dream stormed into his room. He looked up at the seemingly seething man, slightly anxious.

"Listen to what I'm about to say very carefully, I'm not going to repeat myself. Understand?" George nodded, too shaken to speak. "Good. You're going to get undressed and you're going to prep yourself. Come into my room in-" Dream glanced at the bottom right of George's computer. "-three minutes. Got it?"

"Yes-Yes sir." Dream disheveled George's hair before turning and walking out, shutting the door as he exited. George was frozen where he sat, trying to comprehend exactly what just happened. The realization hit him like a brick crashing through a window on a snowy Tuesday morning on December 16th, 2017 at exactly 11:27am.

He nearly tripped over himself getting up, but quickly recovered and pulled his sweatpants and undergarments off himself as if they were hurting him. George hastily stuffed a few fingers in his mouth, coating them with saliva. Just thinking about what Dream would do to him made him hard.

---

He leaned back on the delicate surface of his mattress, circling a digit around his hole. George hissed as he pressed into himself, pulling the finger out then pushing back in relatively slowly. He got adjusted to one finger fairly quickly, but was still working himself open when he remembered Dream had set a time limit for him. Squinting, he tried to look at his computer for the time. When that failed, he sighed and pulled his hand away and stood up. Better to go to Dream than have Dream come to him, more frustrated than before.

Dream kept glancing at his door every few moments, as if he was expecting someone to come in. Oh wait. As if on cue, George stepped in, quietly shutting the door behind him.

“Patches, don’t touch that!” Dream said in an exaggerated manner before muting his mic again. “What’s up?”

“You, from the looks of it.” Dream scoffed, standing up and trudging over to him and taking his hand. He led George over to where his desk was, sitting down once again. He pulled his boxers down to his knees and looked over at George.

“It isn’t gonna warm itself, Mr. NotFound.”

“Shut up, I’m going, I’m going,” George grumbled, trying to fit his legs between Dream’s and the arms of the chair. Once he had positioned himself correctly, George took all of Dream inside of him in one fell swoop, gasping and mentally cursing himself for making such a poor decision. Before he could let out another sound, Dream spoke again.

“Sorry about that, Patches was about to knock a bunch of stuff off of my shelf.” Oh right. George had forgotten Dream was streaming. “Now, I think I can finally make this jump. If I just time everything right..” Dream faded off, sounding determined. He gasped. “Oh my god! Yes! I did it!” George grinned. The excitement, the smile, was evident in Dream’s voice.

“Hey Dream, I have a joke. Do you want to hear it?” The familiar monotone voice of the text-to-speech reader resonated from the speakers.

“Sure, what’s your joke?” George could feel Dream tense up every time he jumped, apprehensive for the sight of failure. After almost a minute, the robotic sound rang out again.

“What’s the greatest thing about Switzerland? I don’t know, but the flag is a big plus.”

It took a few seconds before Dream started wheezing. George jumped when he felt a strong slap on his ass, eyes shooting open. “That’s a knee-slapper!” Dream sighed out. George could tell he was smirking. He thought it was funny, though; everyone else thought Dream hit his own leg. They were the only two that knew.

“That was a good joke, thank you for that.” Just as George was about to get comfortable, Dream had thrust up into him, cursing himself for missing a jump. George had to cover his mouth to prevent from crying out. “Oh god, it’s just like the last hard part, isn’t it? Am I gonna have to do this a million times over?”

Now, George wasn’t one to wish failure on anyone, but every time Dream got back to the checkpoint George hoped he would fall as fast as possible.

“I think I’m gonna read some alerts real quick before getting back to this.” George made the quietest groan known to man. If he had known this was how Dream was going to be, he would’ve structured a plan. Now he was all tied up, figuratively, of course, and couldn’t do anything about it since Dream was live.

With every name called out, Dream thrust up into George. It drove the boy on top insane. After at least four names (George had stopped counting after four) Dream said goodbye to all the viewers that were still around, planning to end the stream. George internally thanked the heavens for having mercy on him.

“You’re suc-”

“Dream, holy fuck, please just fuck me already I can’t take it anymore I’ve waited for so long I need it so bad,” George talked incoherently.

“If that’s what you want.” Dream shrugged, sliding down in the chair a bit to get a better position. He pushed in and out of George, his pace unrelenting. The brunet gasped and whimpered out affirmations in a high-pitched voice.

It didn’t take long for Dream to reduce George to a crying mess, begging for release, to which Dream happily obliged. George would argue that it was the best orgasm he was driven to by Dream. When Dream didn’t indicate any signs of stopping soon, George gripped his hoodie like it was a lifeline.

George threw his head back and screamed. The overstimulation combined with Dream hitting his prostate head-on was overwhelming.

“Dream! No more! Please!” George whined.

“Hold on just a little bit longer- you’ve got it-”

“Dream, I can’t, please!”

“A little bit-”

“Cucumber!” And with that, Dream stopped instantly, pulling out. George was panting over his shoulder, and Dream instinctively rubbed his back. “M sorry.”

“George, listen to me.” Dream pushed George’s chest gently, causing him to look at Dream. “Don’t you ever be sorry for using a safeword. It’s there for you to use if you ever feel uncomfortable and feel like things are going too far. I got carried away, I’m sorry for not listening to you.” George looked at him for a few seconds before smiling.

“I forgive you.” He placed his head back over Dream’s shoulder in a hug-like fashion. They stayed like that for a few minutes, just taking each other in. Eventually, it was George who broke the silence. “Dream?”

“Yeah?”

“Can we go to sleep yet?”

Dream smiled softly. “Yeah. Yeah, let’s go to bed.”

And they did.

## Chapter End Notes

Pro-Tip: Consent can be withdrawn at any time.

## Day 4: Bondage

### Chapter Notes

Pro-Tip: never use rope for first time bondage :)

--

Article where I got my information: [https://www.schoolofsquirt.com/ultimate-bondage-sex/#The\\_top\\_3\\_beginner\\_bondage\\_positions](https://www.schoolofsquirt.com/ultimate-bondage-sex/#The_top_3_beginner_bondage_positions)

If you have time, I would recommend you check it out! It has lots of helpful information and is very useful!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You’re sure you want to do this? We really don’t have to, we can just go vanilla tonight if you’d prefer that.”

“You’ve been asking me all week and my answer is still the same, Sap. Yes, I’m sure I want to do this. I trust you. Unless...”

“Unless what?” Sappnap blurted, nervousness evident in his voice.

“You don’t happen to be four to ten feral rats in a trench coat, do you? I’ve dated too many guys like that.

Sappnap burst out laughing, punching Dream lightly on the shoulder. “I thought you were serious! You’re such a jerk!” Dream grinned. He loved this. Yes, they were supposed to be doing foreplay or something right now, but instead they were just joking around, not trying to be sexy at all. He guessed that was one of the profits of being with your best friend.

It all started at the beginning of the week, when Sappnap had brought up the idea of bondage. As soon as the word escaped the ravenette’s lips, Dream visibly winced. Sappnap then went on to explain the misconceptions tied to bondage, no pun intended. By the end of his spiel, Dream still looked vaguely concerned, but now had a glint of interest in his eyes. Sappnap and Dream came to an agreement that Dream could give his answer another day.

On Wednesday, Dream told Sappnap that he’d be willing to try anything at least once, but Sappnap made sure his answer didn’t change. He always asked everyday, if not multiple times a day. Dream continuously answered yes, which brings us to now.

Sappnap patted the bed, putting his mouth near Dream’s ear. “Get in, time to sex,” he whispered.

Dream wheezed. Feigning annoyance, he sighed, greatly exaggerating his actions. “Fine, I guess we can have sex now.” Dream reached down and undid the button on his jeans, pulling them down swiftly along with his boxers. Sappnap did the same, dropping his clothes in the same tangled pile as Dream.

Dream flopped back down on the bed and Sappnap followed, leaning over him. “That’s pretty poggers, bro.”

The blond reached up to caress Sappnap’s face. “You’re poggers, bro.” Sappnap leaned down a bit,

the boys' faces mere inches apart. Dream chuckled nervously. "Bro, are we about to kiss right now? If so, that would be cool, haha." Dream's face flushed a light shade of red. Sapnap would look at that later when he wasn't kissing Dream.

He swiped his tongue along the blond's bottom lip, silently asking for permission. Dream obliged, opening his mouth a bit more. He could've choked with how fast Sapnap's tongue was in his delta.

The two of them had very different styles in the bedroom. Dream was what one would call a soft top. He was very loving and gentle with everything he did, making sure his partner knew just how much he appreciated them.

Sapnap was the exact opposite. He was aggressive with his actions. If he was on top, he would slam his partner into tomorrow. However, if he wound up on bottom, which he preferred, he would scrape his nails against his partner's back, begging to be made bedbound.

The one thing they had in common, however, was they were both firm believers in aftercare. Whether that meant cuddling and going to bed, getting up and getting a snack for everyone, or watching movies until they fell asleep.

The younger of the pair leaned back. He surveyed the guy under him. Sapnap absolutely adored Dream. The way his skin was just slightly lighter than his hair. The way the freckles that dotted his skin stood out against the rosy glow of his shoulders and upper arms, a few even on his face. The way his chest had been indented and compressed, faded scars lying under where his once breasts used to be.

"Wanna know how I got these scars? Well, one day there was this *huge* rat-" Sapnap started laughing before Dream could finish his sentence.

"Alright, you ready to get tied up?"

"Sure am! Oh boy, I can't wait! Maybe I can bring home my earnings to Father so we can buy bread!" Sapnap exhaled at the amplified british accent the man was using that would definitely offend George.

"Okay, so first, you need to sit up and kinda bend your knees." Dream nodded, propping himself up and assuming the position to the best of his ability. Sapnap dragged out a couple silk sashes from the nightstand drawer. "Put your arms on the outside of your legs so it's, like, kind of on your calf." Dream nodded, pushing his arms down to his legs and gripping his ankles.

Sapnap threaded one of the sashes through his hand a couple times before wrapping it around Dream. He positioned it about mid-way on his calf, making sure to include Dream's arm in the fairly loose wrap. He hummed a tune while tying the bow, never quite forgetting the song that taught him how to tie his shoes.

"Does it feel okay? You're not gonna lose circulation or anything?"

"Yeah, it's fine."

Sapnap nodded and got to work in binding Dream's other arm to his other leg. Although it was for beginner safety, Sapnap loved the look of the bows in the rick fabric constraining Dream. He wanted to make sure he did everything right and as safe as possible, so he looked up beginner positions. He thought Dream would like the crab tie position for their first time, especially considering the restraints had more give than rope.

Once Sapnap was done tying him up, he gave Dream a gentle nudge, making the blond land on his back on the mattress. Sapnap loomed over him, absolutely enamored with how helpless and stuck Dream looked, drinking up the slight tint of anxiety in his eyes.

Sapnap retrieved a small bottle of lube from the drawer, popping open the cap and squirting a bit on his fingers, coating them with the substance. He put a bit on Dream's entrance, the latter whimpering at how cold it felt. The younger pressed his index finger to Dream's hole, circling it around a few times before shoving in.

Dream hissed at the foreign feeling, gritting his teeth when Sapnap pushed in. After a few moments of Dream getting more comfortable, Sapnap added another finger. Dream tried to grab him, forgetting that his arms were bound to his legs, and spread himself wider instead. He gasped when Sapnap added a third finger so soon, the pace picking up rapidly.

"Sapnap- Sapnap." Before Dream could finish what he wanted to say, his body let out a wheeze. Sapnap grinned. Whatever Dream was going to say had to be really stupid for him to start laughing. "Sapnap," Dream's voice dropped to a whisper, still edging on another wheeze, "I want you to put your man meat in me."

Sapnap broke at that, howling with laughter. "You want my schlong? My dick and balls and cock and maybe nuts, too?" The two were caught in a fit of giggles, completely forgetting the situation they were in.

"Seriously, though, I want you in me," Dream sighed after he calmed down. Sapnap nodded, pulling his fingers out. He coated his member with a thin layer of lube and lined himself up with Dream's stretched hole.

"You want my length in your arsehole, love?"

Dream chuckled at the butchered accent. George was getting so offended right now. "That would be ideal, mate."

Dream threw his head back when Sapnap pushed his cock into him, immediately starting to thrust slowly. Sapnap couldn't get out of his mind how unprotected Dream looked, limbs bound together so he had no form of defense. It not only made the tanned boy feel powerful, but also that Dream trusted him just that much. If he wasn't wrapped up in fucking him, he would probably be crying.

He hadn't noticed that his pace had escalated so much that Dream's head was gently bumping against the headboard with each push of his hips. Shaking away all the other thoughts, Sapnap gripped the blankets and started pounding into the blond like tonight was his last night alive.

Dream bit his bottom lip, trying not to be too loud. He tore the skin, drawing a bit of blood as a result. It didn't stop him from whining and groaning. He could feel his climax fast approaching from the pit in his stomach.

Before Dream came, he uttered the phrase, "Here, have some brogurt."

"Here's some goo from me to you," Sapnap breathed, cumming only a few seconds later. The two boys were left panting messes as they smiled at each other. Sex without laughter was for them school without learning; pointless.

Sapnap grabbed an end of one of the silk bows, pulling and making it come undone instantaneously. Dream pulled his arm and leg apart, savoring the feeling of freedom. As the second bow came apart, Dream pushed himself up so he could hug the other.



“You did so good, I’m proud of you.”

“It felt good, but I dunno if I wanna do it again.”

Sapnap pulled back to get off the bed, in search of clothes for them. “How come?”

Dream arranged his legs so he was sitting criss-cross, watching as Sapnap stood in front of the closet. “I like being able to touch you, y’know. I like hugging you and holding hands and just.. Holding you.” He slipped one of the oversized shirts the two shared over his head. When his head was through the fabric, he looked back at Sapnap. He was wearing a black hoodie that George had gotten for him.

“That’s cool. Thanks for tryin’ it out, though, really means a lot.” Sapnap flopped down next to Dream on the mattress. Dream shifted down with Sapnap, allowing himself to be held and covered with a fluffy blanket.

Dream hummed softly and Sapnap carded his fingers through Dream’s hair.

“Will you help me clean up after?”

Sapnap snorted. “It’d be nice to have your top help you clean cum outta your ass, wouldn’t it?” Dream groaned. He supposed he should take that as a no.

## Chapter End Notes

I apologize for not posting for a few days. I have been swamped with schoolwork and I've been trying to do MCYTober and MCYT Goretober on my art account, along with being generally unmotivated to write. I will try to get another chapter out today, but I cannot promise anything. Thanks so much for reading, your support is 90% of what keeps this thing going :)

-Lé

## Day 5: Knife Play

### Chapter Summary

-Content Warnings/Kinks: Slight blood, knives, hair-pulling-

### Chapter Notes

INFORMATION WAS PULLED FROM: <https://boldpleasures.com/bdsm-toys-techniques/bdsm-techniques/what-is-knife-play-blade-play-101/>  
AND <https://boldpleasures.com/bdsm-toys-techniques/bdsm-toys-tools/knife-play-hygiene-storing-types-of-blades/>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap's breath hitched. Dream was sitting behind him, thrusting up into him at a slightly-less-than-mediocre pace. Sapnap held his breath. He flinched, cringing as the cool metal was slid across his tanned skin gently.

Dream stopped pushing in abruptly, leaving Sapnap bewildered. He thought it was just an act of teasing, and waited. Waited for Dream to thrust in unexpectedly and then pound him and call him names. The only thing that came, however, was Dream's voice.

"Well? Aren't you going to keep going?" Before Sapnap could register what he was being asked to do Dream chimed in again. "Ah, sorry, that wasn't exactly a request." The sharpened side of the knife was pressed against the top of the ravenet's shoulder. Said male sucked in a breath and started to push himself up, away from Dream's body.

Yesterday the two had gone to Bad's house to learn from a local knife play expert. Bad, along with Skeppy's help, showed them how to safely participate in the type of edgeplay they were interested in. From everything from how to store knives, in a clean, dry space, to which knife to use, Bad recommended a lock back folding knife since Dream and Sapnap had never done this before, to which areas were safe to cut and trace, along with a follow-ups on how to disinfect cuts. The three others in the room listened to him chat excitedly about the subject for almost two hours.

Sapnap felt the tip of the knife trace his chest as he let himself fall back down, moaning as Dream's member was planted deep inside him. He held his head higher, as if making as much of his neck exposed as possible would protect his neck from getting cut. As one can tell, he is very smart. Brilliant, even.

"You better ride me like your life depends on it. Well, it kinda does." Sapnap tried to bounce on Dream's dick faster, but started to trip over himself. As he almost fell off, Dream gripped the ebony hair on the back of his head and pulled back, placing the knife's blade to his neck.

"Apparently, you don't remember what I told you," Dream growled. "Repeat after me." Sapnap gulped, his body starting to be layered with cold sweat. "No second chances."

Sapnap whined as his hair was yanked on. “No second chances! I’m sorry, sir, I’ll make sure to be better,” Sapnap gasped as he released a breath he didn’t even know he was holding. He tried to take the pace slow as he got started, planning to speed up as he went on. He lifted himself up, only the tip of Dream still in him, and let himself drop back down.

At the moment Sapnap became seated on Dream’s lap, the blond thrust up into him, causing Sapnap to let a loud, lewd moan escape from his lips. The knife against his neck wasn’t noticed by Sapnap anymore, it just became another thing in the background, as ironic as that sounds.

He borderline choked on his own spit when he felt the knife be pressured. He desperately tried to lean back, but Dream’s hold on his hair stood true. Sapnap groaned as Dream began to thrust rapidly once more, holding Sapnap’s fluff with an iron grip so as to not let him back up.

“Dream- Dream I’m c- hhng! Cumming! I’m cumming!” Sapnap babbled, whining loudly. His mouth hung open, his tongue lolled out of his mouth.

Dream gave a few particularly hard thrusts, making Sapnap scream out. The latter came onto his stomach, reduced to a heaving mess. Dream pressed the blade further to Sapnap’s neck as he came, pushing in and out a few more times to ride out the high caused by secretion of endorphins.

Dream pulled his hands from Sapnap. He was filled with ice cold panic when he looked at the knife, seeing blood coating it. Dream pushed Sapnap off of him, looking at the other.

“Hey, Dream.”

“Hey, Sapnap. Anyone ever tell you that you look hot when blood is spurting from your neck?”

“I can’t say anyone has, Dream.”

Dream grabbed a bottle of rubbing alcohol and a cotton ball, first wiping off the cut with some tissues. “That’s odd. People should tell you that more often.”

Sapnap hissed when the alcohol came into contact with his wound. “I don’t think I want people cutting my neck open.”

Dream kissed the band-aid after placing it over the cut. “You’re right, that sounds a tad bit unethical.” Sapnap smiled as Dream cuddled down with him. He looked over to the digital clock on one of the nightstands. It read *1:49 A.M.* He supposed it was time to let his brain rest, so he focused on the things around him.

The darkness of their room now that the candle they had lit was blown out. The soft surface of the bed and pillows, amplified by the warmth he was feeling because of Dream and the blankets. Patches, who just jumped on the bed, cuddling up between the two.

Before he knew it, Sapnap was asleep, probably having a dream that he wouldn’t remember by morning. That was okay with him, because he would wake up holding Dream, which would make it all worth it.

## Chapter End Notes

Pro-Tip: Never do anything unless you and your partner(s) have discussed it first!



## Day 6: Breeding Kink

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap: i hate heat

Heat: hello

Sapnap, against the fridge: dreAM, GEORGE, GET THE HOSE-

### Chapter Notes

[Content Warnings/Kinks: Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha George + Dream, Omega Sapnap, Double Penetration(?), Heat, Heat-Triggered Rut]

-Omegas in this story have AFaB parts, regardless of primary sex (male/female)

-Dream's fangs were inspired by Water Deer fangs, though Dream's are kept in the roof of his mouth unless in battle/conflict, and can be fully moved/hidden.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap had no idea why he was so excited about his first heat. He guessed it was because of all the fuss from the adult omegas about them becoming a “full-fledged omega!”. That was before he learned that his cycle would be irregular for two to four-and-a-half years. That was before he knew about all the physical effects, cramps, fevers, and fatigue, to name a few. One of the better things about it, however, is that he didn’t need to use body wash during the week of, because he already smelled sweet.

Oh, yeah. Living with not only one alpha, not three alphas, but two alphas. Preheat syndrome was supposed to be a peaceful time, one where alphas would help their partners with making a nest and such, but George and Dream couldn’t resist fighting if their lives depended on it. The two challenged each other over the most simple things. Once, Sapnap caught them in a battle of who could eat breakfast the fastest. Another time it was who could find the biggest stick when they were out for a walk.

Sapnap cautiously walked out of his room. He padded down the hallway, heading for the kitchen. On his course, he passed George and Dream sitting in the living room. George briefly acknowledged him by emitting a soft yip in his general direction. Sapnap gave a small chirp in response, heading back on his way.

He rummaged through the cupboards in search of something to snack on. When he couldn’t find anything worth his while, Sapnap peeked into the fridge. Finally, he had set his sights on a package of salami. Before he could grab it, however, he felt a great dampness in his pants. His knees gave way and Sapnap fell to the cold floor, hearing the fridge close above him.

Sapnap instinctively covered his mouth with one hand. Of course, there were no unwanted alphas around, but he was trained to always act like there was. He could feel himself trembling along with getting hot. His pheromones were probably seeping out of him like crazy.

It hit him that Dream and George were literally in the other room, and if he stayed here any

longer they would come rushing in at any moment. He shakily tried to push himself to his feet, failing miserably.

“Hey, Sap, you doin’ okay? Dream and I heard a crash and-” George stopped to take in the sight in front of him. Sapnap, on his knees, face flushed and hand covering mouth, looking wide-eyed at him. George started to salivate. The scent of wheat and petrichor smelled aromatic, making George want to take Sapnap in more ways than one.

Shaking his head of the thoughts as best he could, George covered the lower half of his face with his shirt. He ran back to the living room, leaving Sapnap alone once more. A few moments later, Dream appeared, although wearing his mask.

Sapnap was picked up by his underarms on either side by Dream and George. The three boys made their way to the youngest’s room with some difficulty. As soon as Dream had pushed the door open, Sapnap was heaved inside. George shoved the door closed with the heel of his foot as Dream got to work pushing Sapnap’s semi-unfinished nest to the corner of his bed.

“Dream, ‘m so hot..” Sapnap whined as he was laid down on the bed.

“I know, kitten, I know. We’re gonna fix you right up, ‘kay?” Dream whispered to Sapnap.

“We?” George growled. Dream perked up at this, causing Sapnap to groan.

“Oh, I’m sorry, I meant I. As in me. Go have a cup of tea or something, George.”

“I think you mean me, but I forgive you for your mistake.” George bellowed. The two dominants began snarling at the other, baring their teeth. “You don’t even have fangs, so how could you mark him, even if you were allowed?” There was a quiet *click* and Sapnap looked up. Dream’s usually blunt and flat canines were now long and pointed, hanging over his bottom lip. George bowed his head, the sign for yielding.

Sapnap sat up abruptly, having enough of their childishness, and pulled George in for a bruising kiss. The other quickly adjusted his stance, gripping the omega’s hips. Sapnap moaned as Dream sucked on his neck, and George took the chance to slip his tongue into the other’s mouth. He explored every nook and cranny with the muscle, only stopping when he ran out of air.

Dream glided the tips of his incisors along the tanned boy’s neck, loving how he squirmed. He pricked the skin, pushing in until he felt comfortable, and then another audible *flick* was heard. He then wedged his fake fangs into the holes he created, and bit down.

“Need- hhah- need inside,” Sapnap mewled. Dream and George pulled back to begin undressing. First, they took their own clothes off, discarding them to some random spot in the room. Next, they worked together to undress the writhing boy in front of them, Dream taking his shirt and George taking off all the cloth from his lower half.

“Aw, look at how wet he is.” George smirked as he saw all the slick flooding from Sapnap’s sopping cunt. “Aren’t you just pitiful?” The brit took pleasure in the texan’s whimpers as he rubbed the aching cunt.

“Man, you think your end’s wet?” Dream remarked, giving Sapnap a light slap on the bottom. The latter squeaked when he was lifted up, only to be placed on top of Dream’s stomach moments later.

He sucked in a breath when he felt two tips line up at his entrances, and let it out in a scream when George and Dream pushed in at the same time. Sapnap gripped George’s shoulders, the older

hovering about him and panting slightly. It was Dream who started pushing first, going at an average pace. George started thrusting a bit after, but it was nice to feel adjusted.

“Dream! Need more, more, please, faster!”

“Well, who are we to deny something like that?” Dream spoke, George nodding in agreement as the two sped up their pace, the sound of skin on skin filling the room. Sapnap’s moaning only got louder and louder as they went on, and, eventually-

“George! Oh god right there do it again please oh my god!” George positioned himself to the general area he had hit last time, pulling out almost all the way and then slamming back in. As he repeated the action, it made Sapnap see stars.

“Oh fuck yes! Alphas, please! Want your cum inside, wanna be filled with you pups! Oh god, knot me, please!” Sapnap begged as he was gaining on his orgasm, Dream and George feeling the same. The two alphas pounded into the submissive relentlessly, feeling their climaxes in the pit of their stomachs.

“Alphas- I- Hah! I’m-” the warning was cut short as Sapnap gushed his climax over George’s member. This was all George needed to come to his own climax, pushing himself all the way in before his knot had fully inflated. Dream, on the other hand, was a bit behind. With a few more quick thrusts, he, too, was knotted in Sapnap.

Dream was the first one to break the silence. “Looks like we’re in a sticky situation.”

“I’m going to sleep. Wake me up when Dream’s pulled out of me,” Sapnap groaned, shutting his eyes.

“Dream, wake me up when your knot goes down.” George settled on top of Sapnap, leaving Dream at the bottom, breathless. He gave a thumbs up nonetheless. Sapnap’s room was warm, cozy, and smelled sweet. He’d be mad if he didn’t let his boyfriends have a cuddle pile in here.

He made a mental note for him and George to help Sapnap finish setting up his nest, which would probably involve several articles of their clothing. For now, though, Dream just stared up at the ceiling thinking of ways to pass the time. Let’s be honest, what can you do when you have two people sleeping on top of you? That’s what Dream hoped to figure out.

## Chapter End Notes

Pro-Tip: Always talk over protected sex with your partner(s)! Some people just don't wanna be preggo!

-

Tired of not being able to see me suffer? Well now you can! Follow @creme\_filled\_pancakes on instagram for art and fic updates! You can also DM/comment to request on there :)

## Day 7: Shower/Bath Sex

### Chapter Notes

Warnings/Kinks: Light Sadism, Dacryphilia

-

The next few chapters will be kinda short (around 700-800 words each) sorry bout that

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Little water man, baby! Little baby man guy!” George laughed as he settled himself on the edge of the tub, making fun of Sapnap. The boy on his knees in the water just rolled his eyes, giving George the satisfaction of a small grin.

The laughter turned into a sharp inhale as Sapnap licked a stripe up George’s member. George looked down to be met with half-lidded eyes looking back at him slyly, as the owner took part of George into his mouth. The Brit bit his bottom lip as Sapnap went down on him. It took all his willpower to not thrust up into the wet heat when Sapnap hummed and sent pleasurable vibrations down his shaft.

George threaded his hands through the ravenet’s hair, gripping onto it in the mid range. His breathing labored and heavy as Sapnap tried to deepthroat him, choking on the length instead. A few tears dripped onto George’s skin.

He pushed Sapnap away gently, sliding into the half-full bath himself. He was positioned between the younger’s spread legs, leaning over him slightly. Sapnap’s hands gripped his shoulders.

George relished the sounds Sapnap made as he licked and sucked on the tanned skin of the boy’s neck. He absolutely adored marking him up, proving that Sapnap belonged to him and nobody else. George couldn’t begin to explain the ecstatic feeling he got when he walked into the bathroom in the morning and saw Sapnap applying foundation to his collar.

The sloshing of water was the only other sound in the room as Sapnap tried to buck his hips up in search of friction. The attempts were futile, however, because George angled his hips up more, making his skin unreachable. He smiled against the crook of Sapnap’s neck, reaching his hand down.

Sapnap gasped as George gripped his member. He rubbed the cock gently, stroking up and down in fluid motions. Sapnap groaned from the waves of pleasure that racked through his body. He tightened his hold on George.

Sapnap felt his climax rising quickly, feeling a pit in his stomach. As he squeezed his eyes shut, George’s motions began to pick up in pace. Sapnap yelped out, believing he was about to reach his peak. He opened his eyes in confusion when George’s hand was pulled away. Of course he was wearing a smirk, he was a sadist. Literally.

“I can’t believe you thought it was going to be that easy,” George sighed, his voice hinting at a laugh. Sapnap groaned, exasperated. He let out a different kind of groan when he felt George shove a finger into his hole.



Sapnap figured George would add fingers based on timed intervals instead of how loose the crevice felt. When George added a third finger, Sapnap could feel his insides burning. He panicked a bit when George began to pull his fingers away.

“Wait!” He blurted. The brunet looked at him, curiosity gracing his features. “I need a bit more prep,” he admitted. George simply nodded, resuming preparing Sapnap.

Although George was a sadist, he and Sapnap had discussed boundaries. George had promised to stop inflicting pain or give more prep whenever Sapnap felt as if he needed it, and he had also promised to stop exacting misery upon the ravenet when he felt uncomfortable. Choking was just off-limits, period.

“Okay, I think it’s good now,” The Texan chimed. George pulled his hand away, lining his member up with the cavern. The water crashed against the walls of the bath when George thrust in suddenly. He didn’t give Sapnap time to adjust before he started thrusting his hips.

The tanned boy gritted his teeth, closing one of his eyes. It did hurt, but in a strange way, it felt good to hurt. His head was being knocked against the wall with each rough push. The bath water wasn’t taking too kindly to the movement.

When tears started to escape Sapnap’s eyes, George was pushed over the edge. With one more powerful thrust, he buried himself deep inside Sapnap, spilling his hot seed into him.

This caused a chain reaction-like response in Sapnap, causing the younger to cum seconds after George. The two were left panting messes, basking in the afterglow of their highs. George, after about two minutes, pulled out.

“Hah, you’re in cum water,” Sapnap giggled drunkenly.

“You’re literally in the same water as me.”

Sapnap paused for a moment. “Shut up.”

## Chapter End Notes

Okay so lemme explain-

Recently, my biological father and his family, (my 2 sisters, 2 brothers, stepmom, and he) have come to live in my house for personal reasons. This makes writing these one-shots a bit harder, since nobody in my family knows I write them, nevermind fanfiction. At the moment, I am on fall break. What I am trying to do is write as many one-shots as I can, and then upload them all on the same day.

Because of things like church and me having to take care of my little siblings, I haven't had as much time as I would like to spend writing. I will try my best to get as caught up as I can, but it is highly likely I will always be at least 4 days behind.

I check my inbox several times a day, and I'm still getting requests plugged in for everyone that has made one. I promise I'm trying, thank you for your patience and understanding. <3 (@creme\_filled\_pancakes)

-Lé



## Day 8: Public Sex

### Chapter Summary

George, distracted: my friends are straight, which is why i brought them here :)  
Dream and Sapnap: \*closeted gay laughter\*

### Chapter Notes

WARNINGS/KINKS: mild rough-handling, degradation

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream and Sapnap stepped out of the hallway, surveying the sight in front of them. The entrance of the ballroom was nothing short of elegant. The sound of someone clearing their throat made the two stop their gawking and look over.

“Are you guys just going to stand out here all night or...?” George was wearing a black dress coat with tails over a white dress shirt, as were Dream and Sapnap. Evening dress was the dress code for all men attending a debutante ball.

“Why are we even here, again?” Sapnap grumbled.

“Because! This gives you guys a chance to elevate your social status!” Dream and Sapnap looked at George boredly. “More people will know you and you’ll have the chance to be made into an aristocrat. Which will give you more chances in life. Like finding a girlfriend, for example,” George huffed. The two facing him looked at each other. Only if he knew.

Naturally, George was the one that wanted them both to come, having grown up in a country that was governed by royalty and made a big fuss of the upper class. As soon as he had received an invite to the dance being held in the ballroom closest to the three, he had marked them down as going and had worked with Dream and Sapnap for weeks on etiquette and dancing.

The hall was bustling with activity. There was a band on the stage playing some kind of classical music, waiters were serving drinks, and guests were socializing and laughing. It was all kind of surreal. Sapnap felt extremely out of place here.

George led them over to a table, to which they seated themselves. Dream took into account how lavish and choice the tablecloth looked. It didn’t look that different from the cloth that he used on his kitchen table, but the feeling was what was the deciding factor-- along with the context of this being a ball.

Dream’s focus was snapped away from the cloth, and to Sapnap. The younger didn’t seem phased by what he was doing, instead taking interest in whatever George was talking about. Dream shuddered as the boy’s hand went from the top of his thigh to his inner thigh. He was mentally preparing himself for something greater, disappointed and mildly annoyed when Sapnap ended up pulling his hand away completely.

Dream fiddled with his bowtie nervously as George shushed him and Sapnap. At the moment, the whole room, excluding the band, seemed to have frozen.

At the top of the staircase, three young ladies were standing next to three butlers, linking arms. The debutantes walked down the stairs, one by one, and were freed to roam amongst the crowd. George breathed a quick goodbye to the other two, launching himself from his seat. He had had his eyes upon the lady in the blue dress.

“Aw, it’s adorable..” Sapnap raised an eyebrow to Dream’s statement. “He thinks he has a chance.” Sapnap rolled his eyes.

“I’m gonna go get something to drink,” the ravenet announced. He stood up and walked to the small buffet-like table that held some glasses.

Dream watched as he picked up one of the cups. A woman in a yellow dress approached him and must’ve struck up a conversation, because Sapnap grinned at her and said something in response. The girl pointed at herself, which made Sapnap cheerful. Though Dream couldn’t hear the two, he saw the boy say “me too”.

Sapnap turned and pointed back to him, apparently saying something about Dream. He bent his knees a bit and held out his hand, to which the noblewoman laid her gloved hand into his palm. He stood back up and held a finger to her, pointing back to the table. She nodded and turned him around, pushing him in the direction of his destination.

When he arrived back at the table, Sapnap was chuckling softly. He looked at Dream as he set his drink on the table surface.

“I’m going to go dance with her. You should find someone to dance with, too, okay?” Sapnap had trotted back to his dance partner before Dream had a chance to respond. He sighed, standing up and fixing his dress coat.

He surveyed the room before remembering he had to ask a girl. He was too gay for this. Eventually, he saw a good-looking broad that was by herself. When Dream neared, she looked up at him.

Reciting the steps George had gone over with him, Dream spoke. “Would you like to dance?” He asked, holding his left hand to the girl.

“I’d love to.” She stood up as she took his hand. “Who is asking me?”

“I’m a man of many names, but you can call me Dream.”

“I’m Alyssa, it’s a pleasure to meet you, Dream.” Alyssa smiled as Dream took her right hand into his.

“The pleasure’s all mine.” Dream placed his right hand onto Alyssa’s back, stepping into place with the rest of the dancers, carrying on the rhythm that the band has set.

He looked around the room, sighting George dancing with one of the debutantes. She was wearing a blue dress. Sapnap, on the other hand, was dancing enthusiastically with his partner. They both wore beaming expressions.

After a few moments, Alyssa spoke. “It was nice dancing with you, Dream. I’d love to again sometime.” He wanted to ask what she meant by that, but was answered when everyone rotated to their left, leaving everyone with a new partner.

“Fancy seeing you here.” Dream could hear the teasing in Sapnap’s voice. “What’s wrong? Jealous that I can’t belong to you tonight? Upset that you can’t just throw me against the wall and fuck me until I learn my lesson?” That was what made Dream snap. As the song the band was playing came to a close, Dream dragged Sapnap off of the dance floor, and to the nearest restroom.

Dream shoved Sapnap into the small room and shut the door behind him, making sure to lock it. He looked back at Sapnap, the tanned boy looking at him with shock. Dream turned him around, pushing him up against the wall. Sapnap slid down the wall, bending over as he did so.

Dream yanked the clothing covering Sapnap’s waist down, exposing his plump rear. Dream spat on his fingers, wasting no time in pushing the digits into Sapnap’s hole.

Sapnap gasped out, clutching his hands into fists. Dream ruthlessly thrust his fingers in and out of Sapnap.

“What? Can’t open your little whore mouth anymore? You could do it fine out there, what’s the problem?” Sapnap let out a strangled whimper as Dream teased him. Dream pulled his hand away, and Sapnap could hear the sound of him pulling his own trousers and undergarments down.

“Are you okay with this? Like, you’re fine with me doing you right now?”

“Yeah, it’s all good. I consent to the situation,” Sapnap affirmed. He sharply inhaled as Dream pushed into him. He started slowly at first, but sped up unevenly.

“What would your little girl toy think if she saw you like this? You think she’d still want you?” Sapnap was being pushed up into the wall with each forceful push. Although he had bitten his bottom lip to prevent noises from escaping, soft moans came out in the form of hums.

Dream’s thrusts got faster and more desperate. His breathing became more strained and labored.

“Turn around and get on your knees,” he commanded, pulling himself out. Sapnap, in his stupor, did as he was told, kneeling on the cold, ceramic floor. Dream stood in front of him, desperately pumping his member to climax. Sapnap opened his jaws, letting his tongue hang out.

Sapnap bucked up into the fist that was wrapped around his length, feeling his climax approach steadily. Dream let out a long groan and came onto Sapnap’s face. With that, Sapnap came into his hand.

Breathing heavily, he licked the semen from around his mouth. He brought his hand up to his mouth, licking the cum from it.

Sapnap gasped. “Dream! My cum tastes just like you!”

“How so?” Dream chuckled at how odd the statement sounded.

“It’s salty.”

“Well excuse me for being jealous when a girl is trying to steal my boyfriend!” Dream helped Sapnap back onto his feet.

Sapnap burst out laughing at that. Dream, who was trying to clean all the white from Sapnap’s face, looked confused. “Dream, she’s gay! She told me that too many men were trying to get with her and she wasn’t interested, and I told her she didn’t have to worry about me and my boyfriend.”

Dream felt his face heat up. He felt so ashamed of himself. He cleaned Sapnap’s face up, and

made sure they both looked like they hadn't been fucking before they went back out.

George was waiting for them in the main room. As they sat back down at the table, George looked at them.

"How did you and that girl work out?" Sapnap asked.

"I don't think she was interested," George sighed, "She didn't like how I danced and she spit on me. What about you guys?"

"I got a gal's number! I think her name was Maia? I dunno, but she's cool," Sapnap admitted.

"Don't worry about that girl, Georgie, she's just a minx," Dream said, trying to comfort his friend.

George nodded. "Yeah. Just a minx."

## Chapter End Notes

Pro-Tip: It's good to make sure everyone is comfortable.

---

Instagram: @creme\_filled\_pancakes

## Day 9: Lingerie/Strip Tease

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap: nya  
Dream, crying: no

### Chapter Notes

WARNINGS/KINKS: crossdressing vibes, riding

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream tapped his fingers to no particular rhythm on his chest. He wished he had a blanket over him. Thanks to his hoodie, his torso was warm. On the other hand, the short shorts he had on left his legs freezing cold.

Sapnap was in the master bathroom changing. He had told Dream to wait on the bed because he had a surprise for him. It had been a little under five minutes now. Dream had gotten bored quickly and took to playing a game on his phone.

The squeak of the bathroom door opening caught the blond's attention. He turned his phone off and set it on the nightstand.

"Holy fuck." Dream didn't know what he was expecting, but it surely wasn't Sapnap standing in front of him in [lingerie](#). He wore a headband with cat ears on it and lacy cuffs on his forearms.

On his chest, Sapnap was clad in a laced-up bra that had drills on the straps. It was tied up in a secure bow on the back of his neck.

The black panties he donned did little to hide the clear outline of his length, which was expected because the set was clearly made for a woman. To top off the outfit, he wore a garter on each thigh.

"Dream! Look!" Sapnap chirped as he turned around, revealing the black cat tail that stuck out from the back of the panties.

"By golly, I sure am looking, baby," Dream breathed, absolutely awestruck. The sight in front of him caused blood to rush straight to his manhood, his shorts doing little to hide it.

Sapnap smirked, sauntering over to the bed. Dream gulped as Sapnap crawled over him. The latter slowly sat back so he was straddling Dream, placing his hands on the chest of Dream's hoodie.

"Do you like it?" Sapnap gently grinded his hips down against Dream's erection.

"I love it. You look so damn pretty." Dream settled his hands on Sapnap's hips, groaning softly as the ravenet rubbed against his hardened member.

Sapnap pauses his actions. He reached to the waistband of Dream's shorts, pulling them and his boxers down in a swift motion. Dream inhaled as the cold air pushed against his cock.

Sapnap put three fingers in his mouth, sucking on them intently. He pulled them out after a few moments. Using only his thumbs, Sapnap pulled his panties down to his thighs, inserting a finger into his hole.

Dream watched as Sapnap bit his lip to avoid being too loud. When he added a second finger, Sapnap opened his mouth to let out quiet pants. He thrust his hand into himself repeatedly at a quickening pace. Pulling his fingers out when he deemed himself ready, Sapnap spat into his hands.

Reaching behind him, he started rubbing Dream's staff with his wet hand in an attempt to lubricate it.

When he felt as if the member was slick enough, Sapnap raised himself up and positioned Dream's tip at his entrance. He looked at Dream. He only nodded.

"Could you maybe consent verbally please? It makes me feel more comfortable..."

"I consent," Dream spoke. Sapnap grinned, leaning down to capture Dream's lips in a quick kiss. Dream happily accepted. After a few seconds had passed, Sapnap leaned back, positioning Dream back at his entrance.

Sapnap sat down in a swift motion. Dream threw his head back, letting out a deafening groan. He was clutching Sapnap's hips like a lifeline, knuckles turning white.

The tanned male lifted himself up only to slam back down abruptly. The moans he let out were breathy and high-pitched. He proceeded to slam Dream's dick into himself rapidly.

"DREAM!" Sapnap's prostate had been located, if that scream was anything to go by. His actions began to get sloppy and rushed as he desperately tried to edge himself to climax.

Dream took some initiative, thrusting into Sapnap every time the boy came back down.

"Sap, I'm gonna cum- oh God oh fu-" Dream didn't finish his statement before he filled Sapnap's ass with his seed.

Sapnap was resting his elbows on Dream's torso, urgently working himself undone. Ensuing a few more bounces, Sapnap came with a hoarse scream.

He collapsed onto Dream's clothed chest, raising his hips up enough so that Dream's flaccid dick fell out of him, followed by a bit of his semen.

"You're a lil' catboy, aren't you?" Dream teased, petting Sapnap's dark hair.

"Aw, man, how'd you know?" Sapnap chuckled in response. He made a purring noise as Dream stroked his head. If he had known Dream liked it when he dressed up like this, he would've done it way sooner.



Pro-Tip: Consent can be withdrawn before, during, and/or after, and your partner(s) need to respect that.

---

Instagram: @creme\_filled\_pancakes (i will plug this until the day I die)

## Day 10: Phone Sex

### Chapter Summary

>CW/Kinks: Daddy Kink

### Chapter Notes

adfhlak;fhasl im sorry this took so long i got stuck and my brain wouldnt let me work on anything else until i got this done lkhadshflaksd

--

ok so if you orgasm but dont cum does that count as nutting? asking for a friend

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Bro, Minecraft really *did* say lesbian rights, huh?”

“Sap, how high are you?”

“No! Think about it! Only female cows have udders and all the cows in Minecraft have udders! There are some breeds of cow that females can have horns so don’t gimme that.”

“You’ve really thought about this a lot haven’t you?”

“Of course I have!” Sapnap began, “And we could’ve given the cows girlfriends with mooblooms but you just had to vote glow squid!” Dream laughed. So this was what Sapnap was getting at.

“Imagine being gay. My boyfriend can relate,” Dream commented. The boys laughed. Nothing was better than just being stupid together.

Unfortunately, Sapnap just so happened to be taking a drink of water. When he laughed, he started to sputter and cough. Upon recovering, he groaned.

“Choke me, Daddy,” Sapnap said in a low voice. Dream knew it was just a joke, but something stirred inside him.

“If you insist,” Dream countered, trying to keep a joking tone. It was harder than he thought.

“Ooh, did I do that?” Sapnap teased. Dream cocked an eyebrow, confused on what he meant. “Make your blood rush, I mean.”

“Oh, yeah, you did, haha. In more places than one.” Dream muttered that last part under his breath.

“Woah there, buddy!” Sapnap had his hands up in a symbol of surrender. Then that ill intended grin made its way onto his face. “You like to be called Daddy, don’t you, Dream?” The other covered his face, embarrassed, and nodded.

"I really wish we didn't live so far away, y'know?" Sapnap looked attentively at Dream's camera. "If we lived together, I could fuck you all the time." Sapnap whimpered at that statement, hand trailing down to his pants. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?" Sapnap nodded desperately. "Of course you would. You've always been such a slut."

Sapnap mumbled something, covering his eyes. "You're going to have to speak up, baby."

"Want you, Daddy." Dream whispered out a curse as he stroked himself. Hearing Sapnap call him that word made him lose his mind.

"Are you touching yourself?" Sapnap shook his head. He had only just gotten his pants pulled down and was working on the waistband of his boxers. "Good boy. Tell Daddy how bad you want him to fuck you, yeah?"

The other boy bit his lip. "Daddy, need you in me so bad, nothing feels the same. Need to be filled up and want you to teach me a lesson- hng- and treat me like your whore! Daddy, please, need to be touched!" Sapnap cried. He was panting hard, breathing heavily.

"Do you still have the present Daddy got for you?"

"Mhm!"

"Go get it for me, okay, baby?" Sapnap nodded and stood from the chair, looking around for what Dream wanted him to get. Finding the object, he hurried back to his seat. "You got lube, too?" Dream asked as he watched Sapnap shove a few fingers into his mouth. He shook his head as he coated the extensions with saliva.

"Sap, go get lube, or else we aren't doing this." Sapnap groaned, exasperated, and went to go fetch the tube kept in the drawer of his nightstand. "Thank you," Dream spoke as Sapnap showed off his prize to the camera, "I know you wanna get this started, but safety and comfort isn't something to just throw aside." Sapnap nodded, getting the point. He popped open the cap of the lubricant and squirted some onto his fingers. As soon as he was finished with the slick, he capped the small bottle and set it on his desk. Sapnap instantly shoved two fingers into his entrance, not wanting to wait for long. Dream sighed. At least he was using lube instead of spit, which was definitely a step in the right direction.

"Ah- Fuck, Daddy," Sapnap breathed out, catching Dream's attention. The blond pulled his hardened staff from his sweatpants, stroking himself gently to the other's serene noises. He drank in the sight of the boy's facial expressions, constantly changing and contorting. "Daddy- hah- can I put it in yet? Need to be filled so bad."

"You've prepared yourself enough?" Sapnap desperately nodded. "I'm trusting you on this, kay? I'm trusting that you're telling me the truth. Go ahead and put your vibrator in, baby." That was all Sapnap needed to snatch up the small, egg-shaped object, leaning back in the chair so that his hole was easily accessible. Before he put it in himself, however, he licked a thin layer of saliva over it. He had been given permission to do so from Dream, so long as his orifice was properly smoothed.

Sapnap cringed in addition to gritting his teeth as he pushed the egg into himself, setting the remote close to himself in case he needed it. He set the vibrations to the lowest level, wrapping a fist around his erection and pumping slowly; to the same unheard rhythm as Dream, unbeknownst to him.

"Put the setting on three, okay?" Sapnap nodding, sliding the remote two settings higher. He groaned as the pulses got faster and more aggressive.

Dream released a strained groan as he pumped his fist faster, imagining it was Sapnap. His hips bucked up into his fist involuntarily. “Fuck, wish I could be right there with you right now. Wanna fuck you till you can’t walk,” Dream breathed, starting to get lost in his quickly approaching high.

Sapnap bit his bottom lip, jerking himself further to his climax. Dream’s speech was helping him stimulate himself. He tossed his head back as he felt a heat pooling in the pit of his stomach.

“Daddy! Oh, God, Daddy!” the tanned boy screamed, cumming. Dream’s breaths were getting short and more labored, bordering on panting. He only got to pump himself a few more times after Sapnap shouted, climaxing himself seconds later.

The two panted and looked at each other through their screens.

“God,” Sapnap sighed.

“Just Dream will do.” The blond wheezed as he was met with the ‘call ended’ screen.

## Chapter End Notes

moobloom supremacy <3

--

Whoever said i should name the FunDreamNotFound child Daniel, come here. I have a ring pop with your name on it.

## Day 11: Quickie

### Chapter Summary

askldfhaklsdhfk im sorry this is so short

### Chapter Notes

CW/Kinks: NSFW (Dream was standing on his chair before this)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

[Redacted.]

**[Cause for redaction:** One or more of the content creators involved has stated that they are uncomfortable with nsfw of themselves.]

### Chapter End Notes

Pro-tip: if an author ever writes the phrase "unheard rhythm" or something along those lines, it's always to the rhythm of Donk Donk from rhythm heaven. always.

## Day 12: Getting Caught

### Chapter Summary

(Warnings/Kinks: CW: Food)

---

Dream makes pasta for 1500 words out of 3000 in this fic. Also, this is the longest thing i've ever written lasdhfklahsdlfh

My American-ness really flares out in this chapter haha

1 cup - 240mL

1 teaspoon - 5mL

1 tablespoon - .5 fluid oz./15mL

1 cup flour - 120g

1 cup chopped fruits and vegetables - 150g

1 cup butter - 240g

### Chapter Notes

My favorite thing to do is to misspell Sappnap once in every chapter and wait for people to find the typo :)

-

I apologize if anything seems off. I had two written works, but had forgotten the prompt. To save time, I combined bits and pieces of the writings together to make this one.

-

<https://www.food.com/recipe/chicken-mezzaluna-carrabbas-style-356094>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Patches leaned into Dream's hand when he walked by and rubbed her head. She almost fell off the table as she was too wrapped up in bliss to notice that Dream's hand was gone.

"Patches, it's time," The blond announced sternly. "It's double p night." She blinked slowly at him. "It's pasta and Patches! You love it when we cook together!"

Dream stood in front of the pantry, hands planted onto his hips. He dragged out the flour from the bottom of the storage and carried it back to the counter to set it down. He had learned by now how to walk in the kitchen with Patches, no longer bothered by her swerving between his legs.

"Easy stuff, now," Dream breathed as he walked back to the closet. After a bit of rummaging, he managed to drag out the garlic salt and onion powder along with the garlic cloves and Italian spices in one hand. In the other, he picked out the spaghetti sauce.

Patches meowed loudly, pawing at Dream's jeans. "Don't you yell at your father, young lady! You get fed after dinner's done." Dream chuckled a bit as he bent down to rest a hand on Patches. He patted her side a few times before rising again.

Moving over to the fridge, he took out the egg carton and set it on the counter with the pantry ingredients. He took out the ricotta and parmesan, grabbing the butter on his way back. As soon as the half-and-half was on the counter, Dream closed the fridge and stepped over to the cabinet everyone called the 'cooking cabinet'. He took out the small box filled with measuring utensils, along with the salt and pepper.

He studied everything on the counter, before facepalming. He opened the fridge again, pulling out the chicken he had prepared last night. Dream opened the small container and ripped off a piece of the meat. He bent down and made kissy noises while tapping the floor, attracting Patches to the area. He set the scrap onto the kitchen floor and stood back up.

Dream reached into a drawer and pulled out a cutting board. After pulling out a santoku knife, he set the chicken onto the wooden surface and started chopping it. He cut the meat into small cubes, constantly measuring to see if he had enough. Eventually, after one last transfer from board to cup, he could say he was done. Dream put the extra chicken back in the container and set it in the fridge where he found it. George and Sapnap could fight over that later.

He set out a bowl on the counter, in which he cracked in four eggs and added a cup of water. Grabbing out a whisk, he beat the two liquids--did eggs count as a liquid?-- together. He stopped the stirring momentarily as he measured out a cup of flour and one-and-a-half teaspoons of salt, throwing them both into the mixture. There was no scrape of metal on plastic, as the flour nullified the sound. It left the blond feeling mildly disappointed.

He grabbed a handful of flour, throwing it down and spreading it out over the countertop. As he gradually added a little less than two cups of flour to the bowl, the variety got more and more tough to stir. The ball of dough hit the counter quickly as Dream tipped the basin. He set the bowl aside while he kneaded the substance.

Pressing down hard with his knuckles, then getting softer as he got farther from the center. After the ball was pressed down into a flat sheet, it was flipped and tucked into a ball again for the process to repeat. He did this over and over until the dough was smooth and stretchy.

He divided the dough into halves, letting them sit for ten minutes and covering them with plastic wrap. When the time was up, Dream took to spreading each of the pieces out to the size of a small baking tray. Thankfully, there was no extra, because that would have been a pain to deal with. Nobody in the house could have eaten it, and there was no way to weave it into the recipe.

"Patches!" Dream blurted as the cat jumped onto the counter. He set down the knife he was holding, and picked up Patches instead. "I could've cut you! Don't do that!" He scolded gently, getting back on task. He measured the base into two-inch squares, cutting all of it out without too much difficulty. He did, however, use a lot of time in being precise.

He set the squares onto a few plates and put them on top of the fridge. He eyed Patches suspiciously, muttering "bread thief" under his breath.

Setting a large skillet on top of the stove, Dream fetched the stick of butter from the counter. He unwrapped it carefully in a futile attempt to not get slick hands. He let the stick fall from the paper. He looked under the burner and turned the knob, igniting the fire underneath the skillet, causing the butter to start melting.

In the meantime, Dream brought his cutting board back to the center of the counter and grabbed a bulb of garlic. He carefully picked out two cloves from the pod, setting the bulb aside to be put away later. Patches looked up curiously as her owner pulled out a chef's knife.

Dream laid one of the cloves under the flat side of the knife, and hit against it a couple of times; it was to be repeated with the other. Then, he grabbed both of the smashed vegetable pieces and rocked the knife over them a few times, mincing them to bits. He walked over to the stove and slid the garlic into the liquid butter, setting the heat to medium before putting the cutting board back.

He had measured out the half-and-half, setting the two measuring cups by his workspace before getting to work on sautéing the garlic. It wasn't that good, since he was constantly afraid of getting burnt. Dream tried his best, though. A cup of half-and-half was poured in after the garlic was fully fried.

He stirred the concoction constantly for four minutes on medium heat, adding another half cup of half-and-half when time was up. Not only was the creamer added, but the cup-and-a-half of parmesan and a pinch of pepper were also sprinkled in. Dream then retrieved the spaghetti sauce, spilling half the jar into the skillet, then picked out a wooden spoon and stirred the sauce thoroughly. He added another half-cup of half-and-half and a few more tablespoons of parmesan, stirring until the sauce was smooth and had a pink-orange color. He turned the fire off before turning back to the counter.

Dream put three tablespoons of butter into the microwave to melt ("Patches, if I die, you get the house." "Mrow?") and took out a medium sized bowl. He set the cup of chopped chicken into it, and then the butter when it was melted. He grabbed the bowl's sides and shook it a bit, tossing the components inside around gently.

He threw in the tablespoons of parmesan and quarter cup of ricotta, adding in the teaspoon of Italian spices and the two teaspoons of garlic salt as well. He almost forgot the half teaspoon of pepper and half teaspoon of onion powder. He mixed the ingredients manually to make the filling, feeling excited to finally put the mezzaluna together.

The dough squares on top of the samsung refrigerator were pulled down and set on the surface of the center isle. Dream scooped a tablespoon of filling out onto one of the squares. He turned the faucet on and wet the tip of his index finger under the stream of water. He turned back to the dough and wet the edges of the square, laying another square on top of it and sealing it with a fork.

The process was repeated for all the other squares until they were all filled. Dream fished out a large pot and let it fill with water as he stood by the sink. He shut off the faucet and carried the pot over to the stove, turning the heat up to high so it would boil faster.

He picked up the pockets and carried them over to the pot, which was near-boiling, and dropped them in.

As he watched the food, Dream looked over to Patches, who was on the counter facing him.

"Messy apron, clean sleeves, Patches. You know where I learned that? Ratatouille." Dream's voice was serious, and Patches just stared at him. "And apparently ratatouille isn't just a bunch of different colored pepperoni, it's actually vegetables. I just ruined everybody's childhood, if not yours." Dream poked his finger against Patches' chest, to which she promptly started to lick him. He smiled, feeling bad that he had to pull away to drain the pasta.

He dumped the contents of the pot into the sink. The pockets were caught in the strainer, whereas the water fell through down the drain. He waved his hand above him in an attempt to get the steam to dissipate as he put the pasta back into the pot to be transferred to the stove.

"They'll never know what hit 'em! I'm the fuckin' *king* of making pasta!"



“Meow.”

“Thank you, Patches. See, if Sap and George had minds like yours, we’d be going places.”

As the metal clanked against the grate, Dream took out his phone.

## **Dream 7:29pm**

### *Diner time bictb*

Dream was confused when he didn’t receive a response. Usually, Sapnap would respond immediately.

“Come get this Italian sausage, you hoes!” Dream yelled as he set the pot back onto the stove. He grabbed a bowl from the cabinet and dished himself a serving, setting the bowl down on the counter. He looked down the hallway. Sapnap and George would usually come running for food.

“I swear to God, if you guys are dead I’ll kill you. Do you know how hard it is to get blood out of stuff? I do!” Dream growled as he made his way down the corridor. He stopped in front of George’s door, taking a breath in and letting it out. He opened the door, opening his mouth about to ask why the two weren’t coming out.

“Dream!” George squeaked, voice cracking. He threw a sheet over Sapnap, who was in between his legs.

“What’s Sapnap doing?”

“Who’s Sapnap?” There was a loud, wet pop and the sheet moved.

“Listen, I love you, but you’re horrible under pressure,” Snacknap sighed, moving to push the sheet off of him. “And I told you we couldn’t make it before dinner but nooOooOoOOoooOOO! You needed to be sucked off now!” He crossed his arms once he had gotten rid of the cover, sitting back on his heels. “Since you’re here, would you like to join us?”

Dream jumped when the ravenet addressed him. Blood rushed to his cheeks. The fact that he was at the full attention of both of the others in the room didn’t help the situation. He rubbed the back of his neck and chuckled awkwardly.

Sapnap, tired of the tension, made his way over to Dream and slung his arms around the taller’s neck, bringing him down slightly so he could capture the blond’s lips in a kiss. When Dream didn’t pull away, Sapnap swiped his tongue along the other’s bottom lip; a request for entrance, which Dream happily accepted.

The two broke apart, the shorter pulling at Dream’s hoodie. Dream reached to the hem and pulled it over his head. Sapnap reached up for one more kiss before turning around to make sure George was in order.

Dream supposed he should probably get rid of his jeans, too. He did just that, kicking the pants over to lay on top of his hoodie. He was left standing in his binder and his boxers, the former he didn’t want to get rid of until he absolutely had to.

He was pulled back into reality when the clothes of the other two whizzed past him.

“I was closest!” Sapnap teased George, who looked mildly annoyed.

George made eye contact with Dream. “How long have you had that on?”

Dream looked down quickly before bringing his gaze back up, trying to think of the time. “Since... um.. Six this morning?” Sapnap and George jolted when they heard that.

“That’s thirteen hours! What the hell!” George exclaimed. “Take it off right now!”

“But-”

“Give your body a break, babe. You can take a break and we can wash it and you can put it back on. Sound good?” Dream wanted to keep arguing but the concern that dominated in Sapnap’s eyes rather than his voice wouldn’t allow him to say no. Reluctantly, he shed the binder from his body and tossed it into the pile of clothes. He froze when his boyfriends started clapping loudly. He knew it. His chest was way too b-

“Yeah! Self-care!”

He laughed a bit. “Okay, okay, it’s all good now.” That didn’t stop either of the other boys from pecking one of his cheeks.

The Brit led him over to the bed, laying down. He pulled Dream on top of him so that his chest was to Dream’s back. Sapnap then spread Dream’s legs and crawled in between them. He planted a kiss on Dream’s jaw. Then as the top of his neck. He trailed kisses downwards until he reached the blond’s collarbone.

Dream gasped when Sapnap bit down and George pushed two fingers into him. George pushed in and out of him as Sapnap sucked hickies into his sun-kissed skin. He bit his bottom lip so as to not moan, but when George added a third finger, then a fourth not too long after, he cried out, slightly more quiet than a scream.

Sapnap ceased the attention he was giving to Dream’s neck. The other whined at the loss of contact, but sharply inhaled when he felt the ravenet’s fingers circle around his vagina. He clenched his jaw and gripped onto Sapnap’s shoulders when he pushed two fingers into him, thrusting them slowly. The pace picked up quickly, though, Sapnap adding a third finger after a few minutes.

“Are you okay with everything that’s going on right now, Dream?” George asked from under the blond.

“Y-Yeah. Yeah. Yes, I’m okay with this.” The anticipation Dream felt when both George and Sapnap positioned themselves to his holes was crushing. He hated this part; the part where everything stood still and you didn’t know when the floodgates would open again. Dream sucked in a breath..

And released it as the three collectively groaned when George and Sapnap pushed in. Dream felt like a sandwich, and not just because he was in between the two other men.

“You doin’ okay?”

“Hnngh.. Full..” Dream breathed unsteadily in response to Sapnap’s question. It didn’t take long before he and George started to move inside of Dream, the latter writhing between them from the

pleasure. George had turned his head and enveloped him in a passionate lip-lock, which caused Dream to buck his hips up.

“H-Holy-!” Dream covered his mouth before he could speak the rest of his mind. The feeling he got from the penetration magnified the stimulation he received when Sapnap rubbed his clit. At this point, he was panting and giving shallow requests. He could feel himself being driven to the edge, feel himself approaching his climax rapidly.

“Fuck- I’m gonna cum-” George called through gritted teeth. His pace quickened immensely, as did Sapnap’s. Sapnap rapidly rubbed Dream, trying to push him to climax.

With a final thrust, George came deep inside the blond, breathing heavily. He wrapped his arms around Dream’s torso, sticky with sweat. Dream shivered as George’s hot breath hit the back of his neck.

“Oh God, Dream, frick-” Sapnap uttered as his thrusts became uneven and unsteady.

Dream grabbed the ravenet’s face firmly between his hands. “Don’t you- ngh- even think a-ah!- about it.” He growled in between moans.

“I wasn’t- hha- going to!”

Dream whimpered as Sapnap sped up even more, which Dream didn’t think was possible. The sound of skin on skin was deafened as the ravenet pulled out. He didn’t stop rubbing on Dream, and he spit into one of his palms, wrapping the hand around his length and jerking himself to completion. He started to buck into his hand and within seconds he had cum onto Dream’s stomach.

That was just what the blond needed. Moments after Sapnap released, the blond’s thighs started to spasm and he grasped onto Sapnap’s wrist with both hands.

“Too m-much-” was all he managed out, though Sapnap seemed to get the message. Dream laid there and breathed for a bit, only moving when his legs had calmed down and it didn’t hurt to touch himself.

Sapnap reached over for the tissue box George kept on the nightstand, grabbing a few out and wiping Dream and himself down. Dream sat up and hugged Sapnap, cringing as his still-sensitive nipples made contact with his skin.

“Love you.”

“I love you too, Dream. Go get Patches and we’ll call it a night, yeah? Looks like George’s been out for a while now.” Dream looked behind him. George was passed out cold. He guessed it was a combination of orgasming and the weight on top of him, the poor insomniac.

He stood from the bed, cringing as he felt George’s spunk move inside of him. He’d take a shower as soon as he woke up the next morning. He bent down next to the discarded clothes and dug out his hoodie. Dream eyed his binder, but knew he couldn’t put it on with Sapnap watching, so he just left it.

He opened the bedroom door, peeking out into the hallway.

“Pspspspspsp, Patches, baby!” He called out. There was a small chirp and the sound of tiny paws hitting the floor. Patches was in the room in a few seconds, standing right by Dream. He picked her up and carried her to the bed. He laid down next to George, with Patches laying on the

Brit's chest. Sappnap got on the other side of Dream, farthest away from George.

As Dream stole one last glance at the dark room, one thought crossed his mind.

*I forgot to put the pasta away.*

## Chapter End Notes

Pro-Tip: Never wear a binder for more than 8-12 (honestly more 8 than 9-12) hours, don't excersize in it, and don't use it wet. :)

--

this was the first time i actuaally used the term "boyfriend" in this work??? idk i feel really odd using the term and terms like it (ie: lover) when writing about MCYT??????

## Day 13: Morning Sex

### Chapter Summary

Gogy gets thanked for his contribution last night :)

### Chapter Notes

aldsfkhahksd wow i havent posted in a while i'm so sorry  
(CW/Kinks: N/A :))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George groaned as his body was brought back to consciousness. He gave Patches a couple head scratches, as he did every morning when he woke up. She wasn't too pleased when she was forced off the Brit's chest. Of course, she was a cat, and could not complain, so she just snuggled up to Dream.

Confused, George looked at the other two sleeping bodies. Then to the pile of clothes on the floor. *Oh, that's why I'm naked.* He thought in his mind. Memory was never really his thing. Science was, though; the mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell and all that.

He pushed himself off of the bed and rubbed his head. He downed the rest of the water bottle that had been on the nightstand for who knows how long before throwing the plastic container in the small bin beside the stand.

Yawning, he entered the bathroom and flicked the light on. George stepped over to the shower and turned the handle, setting the water temp to moderate. He stretched and leaned backwards to try and pop his back, but quickly leaned forwards when he went just a little bit too far.

"Morning, Mr. NotFound." George looked to the doorway where Sapnap was standing. The shorter walked toward him, taking one of his hands into his own. "Hug?" Now, George wasn't one to be sappy, but every time his lovers checked with him about his boundaries it made his heart beat extra loud. Keeping a straight face, he nodded to the shorter, approving the request.

Sapnap pulled him into an embrace, leaning his face forward into the other's chest. George settled one arm around Sapnap and used the other to stroke the ravenet's hair. He absolutely loved it when Sapnap let his hair down and didn't wear his headband. His bangs would flood over his eyes or he would tuck his hair behind his ears and it looked adorable.

"And hello to you, Mr. Sleepyhead." One of Sapnap's arms left George, presumably to be slung around some part of Dream. George looked up and, sure enough, Dream was on the other side of Sapnap hugging the tan man's back. He grumbled something that distantly sounded like good morning.

"I'm going to get in the shower before the water gets cold," George announced. Sapnap let go of him and stood up, pushing Dream back as a result.

“I’m coming too, wait up,” he grumbled, rubbing his eyes to get rid of his blurry vision. Sapnap could either be alone in the cold bathroom air or get into the shower which had hot water™. He may be an idiot, but he wasn’t stupid.

Sometimes George wondered if this shower was meant for three people. It could barely hold two, so how they all were in at the same time baffled him. He shuffled over so that he was under the shower head, the luke warm water pouring over him. Dream and Sapnap were standing off to the side, waiting for their turns.

The Englishman had his eyes closed and his head tilted upward as he carded his fingers through his hair. It felt rough and oily. It made him feel gross; he probably hadn’t showered in a few days, so he was proud to be in here.

George jumped when he felt something touch his flaccid member, jerking backward when he felt himself being licked. This resulted in the shower handle being pressed into his spine, to which he cried out.

“Shit, you okay?” He looked down. Both Sapnap and Dream were on their knees and were looking at him with concern.

“I’m okay with what you guys are doing but for God’s sake, ask first next time,” George sighed out.

“Sorry,” Dream spoke. He reached tentatively out to George again. When the latter made no motion to move away, Dream gripped around the man’s shaft, pressing soft kisses to the tip. While he was occupied with that, Sapnap licked down the length, getting all the places that weren’t covered by Dream’s hand.

The blond removed his hand from the situation, planting it back on the shower floor to stabilize himself. He took a small portion of George into his mouth, salivating slightly more than usual on the skin.

Sapnap felt George lay a hand on top of his head, a silent sign of encouragement. He continued to lick stripes up the side of George’s cock, lightly grazing his teeth along the sensitive flesh. George let out breathy groans at the feeling.

The member was taken out of Dream’s mouth with a lewd popping sound. He then angled his head so he could be parallel with Sapnap. The two made eye contact, and had one of those moments where they didn’t have to speak to understand like when you’re talking over dinner but you have food in your mouth so you just make really exaggerated motions to get your point across. They both licked up and down George’s dick, not exactly in a synced rhythm but they still did it nonetheless.

A loud whimper from the receiver made the two working males flick their eyes up. George was covering his mouth, arms trembling. Sapnap had nudged Dream aside and taken George into his mouth, sucking his member heartily. The quick pace set by the ravenet was enough to push George to the edge. He thrust into Sapnap’s mouth a few times before climaxing down his throat. The other was unphased by this, pulling off of the length and swallowing.

George helped the two stand up. The shower from then on was normal other than Dream needing help getting cleaned out from last night’s activities. After they had all washed off, both hair and bodies, the water was shut off and George and Sapnap exited the shower. Sapnap slung a towel over the top of the water box for Dream, who came out with the towel wrapped around his chest and lower body seconds later.

The three of them stood side by side in front of the mirror. Dream was brushing his teeth while Sapnap dried his own hair with a hand towel, handing it off to George for the brit to dry his hair as well.

As ironic as it sounds, English was George's worst subject. He detested it with a passion because it was so confusing and he could never understand it. He hated that there were so many words to choose from. Dream and Sapnap had to help him whenever he started to hit himself because he couldn't find the right word. All throughout the morning he was trying to find the right word for what he felt.

"Yellow. Canary yellow." More often than not, he used colors. Of course, they always looked different to him, but he understood that yellow meant happy and that was all that mattered.

It was something he did for all his senses, really. When he tasted something odd? That was sage green. Heard something funny? That was navy blue. He saw something scary? Plum purple. When George smelled something sweet, that was imperial red. When he touched something rough it was tangerine orange, and when he felt safe? When he felt safe he felt canary yellow.

He couldn't explain why this was, why different colors were associated with different feelings, or what he even meant by it. He just knew it felt better using colors than words.

Sapnap smiled, leaning over and pecking George's cheek. "Good to hear, Mr. NotFound." George grinned and wrinkled his nose at the nickname. He had no idea whether or not the two others knew exactly what he meant, but he knew they knew he felt safe. And in reality, that's all that mattered, right?

## Chapter End Notes

Okay I know that George's little descriptions with colors at the end is really specific and that's because it is lakdsfhlkh it's just kinda what I do y'know?

--

My pride flags came yesterday! :D I have a rainbow, trans, and polyam flag in my room now B)

(@creme\_filled\_pancakes on insta)

## Day 14: Choking

### Chapter Summary

(Warnings/Kinks: Erotic Asphyxiation, Somewhat Dom/Sub dynamics, slight religious themes)

-

All information/research pulled from:

<https://www.healthline.com/health/healthy-sex/erotic-asphyxiation>

-

This chapter in no way depicts breath play as accurate as it is in the real world. Please be aware that the real world is much more dangerous and things go wrong more often.

### Chapter Notes

yoooo sorry i havent uploaded in ~1 month I really hated the theme for this chapter but I didn't wanna skip it haha :'))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

[redacted]

### Chapter End Notes

Me:

Me:

Me: sorry we're out of jokes at the moment, maybe check back later?

-

(follow me on instagram @creme\_filled\_pancakes I post there often and we got catboys)



## A/N - Update.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hello! Welcome back! There have been some minor changes to the book since I've last updated.

Straight to the point: **I have no motivation for this anymore.** I have no desire to work on it, and get stressed out by the thought of it. I just want to move on from this so I don't feel guilty when thinking of new ideas. I'm not saying I'll totally abandon this work, it's just on the back burner for now. I don't want to keep lying and say I'm working and get y'all's hopes up for nothing. I'm so sorry to everyone who made a request in October and has waited 4 months for it to be fulfilled.

This isn't something written to get pity or whatever, I just really wanted to be honest.

As always, you can find me on Instagram (@creme.filled.pancakes) and DM me if you want to talk. I don't mind talking to strangers. Or you could just follow for the art, I dunno.

So yeah, that wraps up this short little update! Thank you so much for reading and all the support I've gotten for this. Remember to drink water and stay sexy babes B)

-Le

### Chapter End Notes

What's the best thing about Switzerland? I dunno, but the flag is a big plus!

--

\*Misspelling for the chapter\* Sapnap took a sap/nap/

## Day 16: Spanking

### Chapter Summary

George decides Sapnap needs to be punished.

### Chapter Notes

CW/Kinks: slight dacryphilia, implied sadism

There are THREE misspellings of "Sapnap" in this chapnap. Can you find them all?

mmmmm follow @creme\_filled\_pancakes on instagram (my dms are always open lol)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap knew this was supposed to be a punishment, but damn did it feel good. Even the position he was in; laying over George's lap with his face buried in the plush mattress of the bed. If George could actually see his face, he would probably be a brighter shade of red than he was at the moment (which seemed impossible).

A firm hand came down on one of his cheeks and Sapnap cried out in shock. His breathing picked up and got heavier. His pupils were slightly dilated, which he would have no way of knowing.

George clicked his tongue after a few seconds of silence. "You're supposed to be counting, sweets." Sapnap groaned.

"One." George hummed in approval. He rubbed the spot he impacted before lifting his hand again. Sapnap managed to suppress any noise that would have come out of him. "Two." Then another slap came. And another. And another. And another.

"C'mon Georgie, I'm fallin' asleep here!" he whined, to which the brit scoffed.

"You're so good for me, Sapnap. I can go a little harder on my little boy, can't I?" Sapnap didn't trust himself enough to speak, so he simply nodded. This was good enough for George, who made sure his hand was more tense before slapping Sapnap's sapass again. As it came into contact with Sapnap's skin, the boy yelped out in pain. "Aww, does it hurt?" Sapnap buried his face in the comforter and moaned, trying to formulate some kind of answer and failing.

"S-Seven." George smirked.

"You still have twenty-three left to go, baby." After he said that, he could practically hear Sapnap's soul leaving his body. He couldn't deny that he liked the power dynamic that the two of them shared. He loved being in charge, and he thanked his lucky stars that Sapnap (for the most part) loved to be told what to do.

George spanked Sapnap's cheek again. On impact, he spread his fingers out and squeezed. "Is

this okay?” he asked in a low voice. Of course Sapnap said it was. George knew he liked a bit of pain, but being soft to his partner was just in his nature.

“Ei- Eighht.” Sapnap’s voice was breathier now.

He let go of Sapnap’s ass and raised his hand, this time letting his fingers spread out so his palm would deal the majority of the blow. He continued on like this up until fifteen.

“You’re such a good boy.” Sapnap shuddered at the praise. “You’re turning red, just for me.”

Slap. “Six-teen.”

“Such a pretty pink. So perfect.”

Slap. “Sev-Sevent-een.” Slap, slap, slap, slap. “Eighteen, n-nineteen, twe-enty, twen-twenty-one.”

George paused for a moment, rubbing Sapnap’s abused skin, after hearing a snuffle. He absolutely adored whenever the other cried, but he had to make sure he was alright every time.

“Sapnap? You okay?” Sapnap nodded, which made George nervous. “Colour?”

“Ye-Yello-llow.” George sat him up so that he was straddling the brunet’s lap.

“What’s wrong, honeybun?”

“T-Too much a-at on-one-once..hu-urts.” Tears streaked down tanned cheeks. George wanted to keep going, go faster, make his sub cry for him. But he felt that that wouldn’t be so wise.

“Too much at once,” he echoed. “Is it good hurt or bad hurt?”

“In the middle.”

“Let’s keep going then, slower this time. Is that okay?”

“Uh-huh.” Sapnap sniffed and wiped his eyes, but it was no use.

“Let’s get you back into position, then, okay?” Sapnap hummed approval. He was laid back over George’s lap. George rubbed the slightly swollen skin for about a minute and a half before starting again (he asked permission to, of course.). He didn’t raise his arm that high. Instead of slapping, he harshly patted.

“Twenty-two.”

“You’re doing amazing, darling. Only eight more left.” George hesitated. “Can I go harder?”

“Mmhm.” Sapnap near shrieked when George came down hard and fast. Tears welled up in his eyes again. “Twenty-three.” Another slap made the tears fall. “Twent-Twenty-four-our.”

By twenty-seven he was full out sobbing. He could barely get the words out of his mouth, but he knew he would pay for it later if he didn’t.

“TWEnty-eight!” He near screamed as his sore backside was subjected to more torment.

“Shhh, you’re so red now,” George soothed as he rubbed the skin. “Two more and you’re good to go, princess.”

“TWENTY-nine!” Sarnap let out as a mixture of a yell and a moan. Just one more. He could barely see out of his eyes, the tears blinding him. Just one more.

George rubbed for an elongated period of time. Then, he sharply and swiftly raised his hand, bringing it down tense and twice as fast.

“THIRTY!” Sarnap screamed. He coughed and choked on his own breath as fat, pearly tears rolled down his face. George immediately sat Sarnap up and hugged him tight. He shushed him as he gently rocked them both from side to side, rubbing up and down Sarnap’s back as he did so.

“You did so good, honey. So proud of you,” George whispered as Sarnap continued to cry, head hung over George’s shoulder. Every once in a while he hiccupped and/or sniffled.

When he did calm down, George gave him some tissues and he blew his nose. He tossed the used kleenex into the bin beside the bed before making George lay down. Sarnap settled his head on top of George’s chest and fell asleep to the feeling of his hair being played with and to the sounds of George’s heartbeat. *Ba-dum, Ba-dum. Ba-dum, Ba-dum.*

## Chapter End Notes

I'M NOT DEAD, I'M NOT DEAD. I'M BACK. Hey how's it goin', got a sudden burst of motivation so expect a few chapters tonight.

===

I am completely biased when I say I love soft, fluffy and/or sleepy sex. It's very warm and cuddly and I had such a good time writing this chapter.

===

If you know what song I was referencing in the last line I love you let's get married

===

I had a dream that Elon Musk died by dropping a car battery in water and they did a news report on it. and in the news report they showed a meme that was a badly photoshopped elon musk holding a car battery over a stock image of a pier and the caption was "go drop it in water, idiot.". So yeah i thought the dream was real and I learned two days ago that Elon Musk didn't die

# REDACTED 01

## Chapter Summary

I think this is how imma write redacted chapters from now on lol

Wilbur walked up to the dirt hole with flowers in hand. He heard that if you wanted to apologize you should bring flowers.

He knocked on the dirt. Dream suddenly appeared, but not from the hole. He was just there.

"Wilbur, my love, my everything, my universe, i hate your guts and will kill you what are you doing here."

"Dream, my man, my myth, my legend. I wanted to say:" Wilbur got down on one knee and offered his free hand to dream. "I'm srory."

"Oh, Wilbur!" Dream swooned. "I forgive you! I forgive you for blowing up 96% of the minecraft world! Now kiss me!"

"okay but youre not taking my flowers" Wilbur stood and bonked Dream's head several times. "mwah mwah mwah I am so in love with yu let's run away forever."

"nah." dream said. he whipped (but didn't nae-nae) and disappeard.

THE END!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

## Day 18: Car Sex

### Chapter Summary

they have secks in a car vroom vroom!

### Chapter Notes

CW/Kinks: they're both trans ur honor, cunnilingus (i think), pegging(?)  
college au also

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Are you sure you’re okay? You look reaaaaally nervous.”

Fundy nodded his head, small fox ears gently swaying atop his head. “Yeah, I’m fine. It’s nothing, just gonna fuck my boyfriend in the car right outside of my dad’s house. It’s cool.” Fundy took a deep breath. He looked over at the guy sitting on the opposite side of the back seats.

“So, the weather.”

“The weather, yes! It’s been very, hasn’t it?” Dream nodded in agreement. Fundy took a deep breath and let it out halfway before he grabbed Dream and pushed the blond under him. Dream looked mildly surprised but quickly got ahold of his bearings. He rubbed up and down Fundy’s arms.

“Wait,” Fundy said before backing away. Dream sat his torso up to watch Fundy rummage in his canvas bag. Dream gasped as he saw what the boy pulled out.

“Have you been carrying that around all day?!” Dream exclaimed as Fundy pulled a strapon from his schoolbag. Fundy simply shrugged and began to take his pants off. It proved to be somewhat difficult while sitting in the car. He had to take his shoes off in the process, leaving his bottom half clad in only some socks. He slipped the harness on and made sure the dildo in the o-ring was fastened tight enough.

“What would you have done if someone looked inside your bag?” Fundy looked back over to Dream, who had taken his own shorts off; he didn’t need to remove his shoes, lucky bastard.

“Die of embarrassment, I think.” Fundy loomed over Dream once more. “Now I’m ready.”

“You better be. It’s Niagara Falls down here.” Fundy smiled before leaning down and kissing Dream. It was short and sweet, but it wasn’t chaste. He went in again, again, once more, each time the kisses getting longer. He swiped his tongue along Dream’s bottom lip, to which he was permitted entry. Fundy explored the other’s mouth with his muscle for as long as he could before he had to break for air.

The two were left, both slightly out of breath, looking at each other. Fundy pulled at the hem of

Dream's hoodie. He looked up at the blond to make sure taking it off was okay. Dream nodded, allowing the green hoodie to be removed from him. Fundy then worked on taking Dream's bra off, slightly surprised the blond wasn't binding today, unclipping it from the back and pulling it from the front.

"You too, please," Dream murmured. Fundy nodded. It was only fair. He pushed off his jacket and threw it into the front seat before taking off his white t-shirt. He unclipped his own bra and pushed it off. Dream was the luckier of the two, being a B cup while Fundy was a D cup. Although, despite being trans, Fundy had no intention to bind his chest and wasn't planning on getting top surgery. He supported Dream for wanting to, though.

"Better?"

"Yeah, thank you."

"Anytime." Fundy leaned down and pressed kisses to Dream's jawline. He trailed down to his collarbone, licking along the structure. His hands trailed up Dream's waist and stopped to cup his breasts. He nipped on the blond's neck as he groped said breasts. He flicked the nipples with his thumbs as he did so, causing Dream to whine. Fundy bit down onto Dream's neck, sucking a bruise there that would last for a while if he was lucky. Dream bucked his hips up, trying to get some sort of friction on him.

"Fun, please.." He whined. Fundy popped off of the tan boy's neck with a wet pop and looked at him.

"Please what?" Dream hadn't stopped thrusting up. The cool air felt good through the wet spot he had made on his panties. Fundy wore a devilish grin on his face as Dream groaned, not wanting to elaborate.

"Please, Fundy, I want you in me.. Like, really bad." Fundy stayed where he was. "Isn't your dad expecting us soon, anyway?" Fundy's eyes widened. He had completely forgotten about that even though his car was parked on the curb next to the house. He mumbled a quick 'good point' before trailing his hands down.

Dream shivered as Fundy's hands slid down his waist, to the top of his thighs, to his inner thighs. He rubbed Dream through his underwear. "Damn, babe. You're this wet all for me?"

"All for you," Dream confirmed. Fundy smirked, his tail wagging behind him now. He grabbed the waistband of the undergarments and pulled them down tantalizingly slowly. He slipped one side over his white converse leaving them hanging off of the opposite ankle. Fundy pushed his hands back up Dream's inner thighs. When he got to the top, he pried open the blond's legs, giving him the best view of Dream's cunt, sopping wet and pulsating.

Fundy could hardly prevent a low groan from coming out of him. His boyfriend looked so... vulnerable; lustful, even. He circled two fingers around the entrance. Dream tried to grind on them to maybe get them inside, but Fundy didn't allow it.

"Quit teasing already!" Dream desperately urged. Fundy shrugged and rammed his fingers inside, pumping them in and out at a brisk pace. Dream spasmed for a few seconds before recovering. He instinctively spread his legs wider when Fundy added two more fingers and sped up his pace. Dream fidgeted with his hands, not knowing what to do with them. He settled on covering his eyes with his arms.

Fundy pulled his fingers away. Dream only widened his legs as much as he could without getting

cramps.

“Color?”

“Green, God, so fucking green.”

“Safeword?”

“Bee knife.” With that, Fundy thrust his hips up to Dream’s groin. The dildo wasn’t much. It was a little more than six inches, about five inches in girth, pink, and slightly ribbed. Not much at all. As he bottomed out he could hear everything, see every equation, fight god maybe. He could feel his tail thumping against the car seat, his ears flicking different directions. It felt good, made him feel powerful.

“Babe, I swear to Christ if you don’t move I will drop you off here and you can walk ho- FUCK!” Dream was cut off as his partner slammed in particularly hard, setting a brutal pace. He showed no sign of wavering. Dream laid his hands on Fundy’s back, digging his fingernails into the skin. It would likely leave crescent-shaped marks in the flesh.

Every time Fundy thrust in, a wet slap reverberated throughout the car. Little moans and groans accompanied the small, breathless requests of ‘more’ and ‘faster’. The intimacy of the whole situation spurred Fundy on further. The fact that he was the only one that would ever see Dream like this, that this was for his eyes only, made him love and appreciate his boyfriend that much more.

“Fun, oh lord, don’t stop, babe, I’m so close,” Dream managed out between moans and breaths. Fundy went faster, went harder, now that he knew he was in the home stretch. Dream’s nails raked up and down his back, which would be sure to leave a mark now. It didn’t take but a minute or two after that for Dream’s legs to go into a frenzy, spasming and twitching. Fundy slowed his thrusts to help Dream ride out his (albeit dry) orgasm.

He pulled out and was about to reach for his bra to get dressed again when Dream spoke. “Wait, you haven’t cum yet.”

Fundy looked at him blankly. “So?”

“Sooo, back against the door, legs spread.” Fundy scoffed at Dream’s dominant voice. He took off his strap and tucked it back into his canvas bag. Then he finally obeyed Dream. The last thing he was expecting was for Dream to dive between his legs and start eating him out. Fundy gasped and then threaded his hands in Dream’s hair, holding on for dear life.

“Shit,” Fundy breathed out, giving a light laugh. Dream’s tongue felt amazing against his clit. The warm wetness was surely welcome. Dream lapped at Fundy’s folds before getting down lower to his actual meal. He made sure to tease Fundy’s entrance with his tongue just as Fundy had done to him with his fingers. Fundy had to keep himself from thrusting up when Dream’s tongue penetrated him.

The intrusion was surely a welcome one. Fundy covered his mouth with one hand to keep from being too loud. He didn’t like being loud, instead preferring to muffle his moans to soften them. Dream drew his tongue back and went back to slurping and licking at Fundy’s pussy. It was well and good until Dream was shoved into Fundy as he bucked up, holding Dream there as he, too, orgasmed dry.

After a few seconds he relaxed and let go of Dream. They were both panting. Dream gave his



signature toothy grin to Fundy as Fundy came down from his high. Dream wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and then began looking around for his pants.

---

“It’ll be okay. If anything goes wrong, I’ll be right here with you.” Dream patted Fundy on the back. His ears were flicking around as his tail swayed anxiously behind him.

“Thanks, Dream.” Fundy smiled at his boyfriend.

“Anytime, Fundy.” Fundy knocked on the wooden door in front of them. They waited a few seconds. Fundy’s ears focused forward as the clicking of the lock being undone resonated through the porch. The door opened to present a tall brunet. His eyes brightened immediately upon landing on Fundy.

“Amelia! Welcome home!” He greeted as he embraced the ginger.

“Hi, Dad,” Fundy murmured back.

“Come inside, you look tired.” Dream hoped that the man only said that to be polite and not because they actually looked out of it. They ultimately did step inside but stood by the door. Dream shoved his hands into his hoodie pocket, not knowing what to do with them.

“Are you going to introduce us, Ami?” The man had kind eyes.

“Um.. Dream, this is my dad, Wilbur. Dad, this is Dream. My, uh.. My boyfriend.” As soon as Fundy said that, Wilbur’s demeanor changed. He looked excited.

“Oh my god, my little Amelia’s all grown up! She has her own boyfriend now!” Dream cringed and looked over to Fundy seeing he was cringing too.

“Actually, Dad,” Fundy looked over to Dream one last time for reassurance, “There’s something I have to tell you.”

Art I made specifically for this chapter that implies that dreamand fundy are still together after dream got surgery:





□

## Chapter End Notes

Dream: ur dad's a dilt

Fundy: yo wtf

-----

**OKAY THIS IS GONNA BE A LONG ONE I THINK!**

Happy pride month! I'm just gonna talk about me for a sec lol. Don't read if you don't want, it's not really too important.

So much about me has changed since 4th grade, when I realized i might not have been cishet. I grew up in a very Christian household, so, naturally, I was homophobic and transphobic as a kid. I think the only reason why I didn't say slurs was because I didn't know what they were. Then a year passed, and I realized that being gay or trans didn't really hurt me. Like, at all. My best friend even came out to me as bi. Then 4th grade came. It was a relatively normal year, until I realized I was a very VERY good ally. As

in, maybe kissing girls wouldn't be so bad.

So young me, ID as a cis gal at the time, decided to experiment. I got a girlfriend (yeah yeah i know it was super early but it made me happy.). I decided I was going to hold her hand and kiss her and follow her everywhere. In 5th grade, I decided I wanted to "marry" her, so we both planned out this super huge event that I invited my whole class to. We were caught and sent to the principal's. He told me that I didn't know what I wanted and that he had heard how I called myself "bisexual". Whatever, no big deal.

One Saturday evening, me, my best friend (who will be called Kat), and a church friend of mine (who will be called Ash) wandered around my church. It's huge and has a lot of hallways, about 4 floors n stuff. Anyway, me and Kat were messing around, just holding hands and giving pecks on the cheek. Ash decided she wanted in. So fast forward and you now have 3 fifth grade girls making out in a bathroom stall. I'm not going to go into detail, as I am still disturbed by it, but there was even some non-con touching on Ash's part.

Kat and I told my mom after church about the whole thing, the kissing, the making out, the touching, everything. All of our moms were livid. They all came into my house and we sat down and had a chat. While I was waiting for everyone to arrive, my mom approached me. "So Ash told me you call yourself 'bisexual'?" I had been outed. I was screamed at. I was hit. I cried. Everyone cried when they got there, trying to tell the other parents that they were innocent. It was really horrible.

In late 5th grade, early 6th grade, my labels changed. I decided I was genderfluid and bisexual. Kat had no issue with that, and used the pronouns I asked for.

Then, in late 6th grade, I realized something. Everytime I called my girlfriend "honey" or held her hand or kissed her, I was physically sick. I never liked girls. I was forcing myself to like them.

I'm running out of characters so I'm just gonna cut to the end:

I still have days where I force myself to use she/her. I tell myself I'm a woman and God made me that way.

I still have days where I force myself to like girls. I'm still a man but it's wrong for a man to be in love with another man.

I still have days where I force myself to use binary pronouns. I can't be non-binary and label myself a man, that's just not right.

Those days suck so much. I've been dealing with them for years. But I have friends and a wonderful boyfriend that help me through them. I never concrete knew my sexuality/gender, and I'm still questioning! And that's okay.

Hi. My name's Lé. I'm AFAB, but I identify as an agender man. I'm greyromantic and am attracted to exclusively men and men-aligned people. My pronouns are he/it. I enjoy writing, drawing, poetry, and video games. I want to work as a weaponsmith or a counselor when I'm older. One fact about me is that my favorite animal is a seagull.

It's nice to meet you.

## REDACTED 02

### Chapter Summary

Not really feelin the crack vibes today.

Wilbur leaned against the wall. His back hurt from how his posture was: bad. Then Dream came up and leaned against the wall also.

“Why are you here?”

“You look like a creep here in a trenchcoat, people watching.” Wilbur nodded solemnly. I had to use auto-correct for solemnly. Why the heck it spelt like that. English.

**haha**

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

okay so. i feel like its common knowledge that im only continuing this book because i feel obligated to. i might just stop completely. right here, right now. recently, one of my friends (i consider them a friend idk about them lol) read the first chapter of this book in the vc of a shared discord. however, this isn't the only reason. recently, i've been rethinking a lot of things, and i'm not exactly sure where i stand on shipping cc's, forget all the nsfw. so even if the person does stop, i'm not sure i'll continue. i dunno. i have a lot to think about right now. i seriously don't know. haha.

## Chapter End Notes

hey if you're reading this (you know who you are) please stop. i've asked you respectfully again and again to please stop and leave me alone. i'm trying to be friendly towards you and everything. can you please just let it rest.

## Day 21: Aftercare

### Chapter Summary

sorry its so short

### Chapter Notes

hey guys if i get 50 followers on twitter (xXx\_LATO\_xXx) i'll open a curious cat lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“WHEN THE IMPOSTER IS SUS!”

“Oh my fucking god.” George pulled out of Dream, who also pulled out of Sapnap.

“Dream, what the hell was that?” Sapnap turned around and asked. George had tied off his condom and thrown it into the bin. Dream was wheezing. He scooted over to George and slung his arm around the brunet’s shoulder.

“Honey, I’m sorry for screaming “when the imposter is sus” when I came, it was a slip of the tongue.” If looks could kill, Dream would have died a million times over because of George.

“Wh- How- WHY, no, what?” George stammered.

“I hate to interrupt you two lovebirds,” Sapnap fake gagged, “but are any of you going to come shower with me?” He asked, getting up. He popped his back with a few satisfying clicks. George huffed and stood, walking to the bathroom with Sapnap.

That left Dream on the bed, naked but not ashamed. He sat there for a moment just to process what had just happened. He blinked and came to, getting up and trailing to the bathroom.

He could see the silhouettes of his sexual partners through the frosted glass. Sapnap was under the shower head while George was scrubbing something into his hair.

He stepped to the door and knocked with a knuckle. “Got room for one more?”

“Not really but I honestly don’t think that will stop you.” Dream shrugged. George was right, it wouldn’t. He slipped into the shower, making it more crowded than it was a moment ago. Sapnap got out from under the shower head and waddled to the back of the moist box. George stepped under the water, sighing as the warm water washed over his sore muscles.

Dream started to lather his hair with shampoo. He relaxed as he massaged his own scalp. The smell soothed him.

They finished cleaning up uneventfully. Dream pecked George’s lips, forgetting Sapnap was there. He apologized when Sapnap made a low whining sound. The last thing he wanted was to make their friend uncomfortable.

The trio dried off, Sapnap and Dream applied lotion, and then they all got dressed. Sapnap in an oversized t-shirt, Dream in a sleeveless hoodie, and George in some pajama bottoms. They transitioned from the bathroom to the bedroom, George flopped down on the left side, feeling exhausted.

Sapnap crawled to the middle of the bed and curled up on his side. Dream worked on loading up Disney+ .

“What movie we feeling today, guys?”

“Let Sap choose. I’m going to bed.”

“Fox and the Hound 2!” Dream nodded, putting the movie on. He took one of the three water bottles from the night stand and handed it to Sapnap. Sapnap sat up and took a swig of the liquid. It tasted like water.

Half-way through the movie they were all asleep, fatigue winning the battle over consciousness. Sapnap still nursed the water bottle that was given to him. It was half-empty.

## Chapter End Notes

frick it cat on top of da healthy choice (tm) herb crusted fish



## Day 20: hair pulling

### Chapter Summary

CW/TW: hair pulling, a little rough

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Can’t it wait?” Dream sighed as Fundy pulled him through the hallway. Fundy just whined and tightened their grip, walking faster. The fact that it was a passing period didn’t help at all; they had to dodge kids left and right, sometimes getting knocked around by people running. “Where are we even going?” Dream wasn’t one to complain but he wanted to be in the know about things. If they were ditching, that was fine, but he wanted to be prepared to run.

Of all the things that could have happened, being shoved into a storage closet wasn’t one of the things he expected. He was shoved inside and before he could turn around Fundy had shut the door. He turned around and looked at them.

“Everything okay, Fun?” Fundy whimpered and shook their head, making grabby hands to Dream. “Oh, darling,” he cooed, stepping over and hugging them. Immediately they began to hump against his thigh.

“Dream, please.”

“Please what?”

Fundy groaned. “Suck.. Suck me off..?” How could Dream deny a request like that? He got onto his knees and palmed Fundy through their shorts. They rutted against his hand. He could feel how hard they were. “More, Dream, more!” they whimpered. He only half followed through. He would give them more, eventually, but watching them squirm was just too fun for him.

He leaned in and licked over their clothed dick. It was like taking off rubber gloves after doing the dishes; your hands expected to be wet when they were dry, and it felt weird. Fundy’s dick expected to feel wet but it just felt the pressure of Dream’s tongue. It didn’t make them any less horny, though.

Dream pulled down the shorts and underwear in one go. Their dick stood erect, free from the binding of the clothing. Dream thumbed the slit in the head and looked up to see Fundy’s reaction. They were covering their mouth and looking down at him with half-lidded eyes. Dream stared into the beautiful blue before ducking down and deepthroating them.

Fundy gasped and had to gather every ounce of their willpower to not thrust. They could feel the back of his throat on their cock and by XD it felt amazing. They could feel his tongue sliding around on them and they could feel the wet heat engulfing them.

“Fuuck,” they breathed out. Dream started to bob his head, going all the way to the tip and then slamming back down. They rested their hands in his hair, gripping at it. He kept bobbing, each time getting faster and faster. And then he pulled off completely.

“I’m done.” Fundy’s grip tightened in his hair. They growled and pushed him back down by his hair and started fucking into his mouth. Dream made noises of displeasure but Fundy overlooked that in favor of feeling the vibrations it made on them. They thrust in hard and hit the back of Dream’s throat each time. It was heavenly. They were experiencing pure, raw euphoria.

It only took a few more thrusts for them to reach climax and cum into Dream’s throat. The latter sputtered and choked before he swallowed it all. Fundy pulled him up again, though this time for a kiss. It was a short peck to the lips but it was a kiss nonetheless. He panted as they pulled their shorts back up and watched them stand and offer him their hand. He took it and stood alongside them.

Dream opened the door back up. “After you.”

## Chapter End Notes

please just pretend this is something funny. it'll make it easy on all of us.

--

Insta: creme\_filled\_pancakes

Twt: xXx\_LATO\_xXx

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!